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RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Long centuries ago a holy man
 Sang out his soul in ecstasy to God;
 So sweet the rapture of the music ran
 An angel froze it to the hallowed
 sod.
 Love, faith and worship all took form
 on high,
 And Rheims Cathedral towered to the
 sky.

It stood through all the ages of mis-
 chance,
 Knew kings and peasants, lords and
 ladies fair;
 It looked upon the sainted Maid of
 France,

And sinners found a sanctuary there.
 So for the sake of His most holy name
 The ancient vandals spared it from
 the flame.

Then came the Germans with the
 breath of hell,
 The walls were melted and the music
 fled.

For all the beauty that men loved so
 well

The Demon's discord pierced the air
 instead,
 And what was once a prayer to God's
 far Throne
 Stands now an awful blasphemy in
 stone.

McLandburgh Wilson.

The Bookman.

THE NEW MARS.

I war against the folly that is War,
 The sacrifice that pity hath not
 stayed,

The Great Delusion men have perished
 for,

The lie that hath the souls of men
 betrayed:

I war for justice and for human right,
 Against the lawless tyranny of Might.

A monstrous cult has held the world
 too long:

The worship of a Moloch that hath
 slain

Remorselessly the young, the brave, the
 strong,—

Indifferent to the unmeasured pain,

The accumulated horror and despair,
 That stricken Earth no longer wills to
 bear.

My goal is *peace*,—not peace at any
 price,

While yet ensanguined jaws of Evil
 yawn

Hungry and pitiless: Nay, peace were
 vice

Until the cruel dragon-teeth be
 drawn,

And the wronged victims of Oppres-
 sion be

Delivered from its hateful rule, and
 free!

When comes that hour, resentment
 laid aside,

Into a ploughshare will I beat my
 sword;

The weaker Nations' strength shall be
 my pride,

Their gladness my exceeding great
 reward;

And not in vain shall be the tears now
 shed,

Nor vain the service of the gallant
 dead.

I war against the folly that is War,
 The futile sacrifice that naught hath
 stayed,

The Great Delusion men have perished
 for,

The lie that hath the souls of men
 betrayed:

For faith I war, humanity, and trust;
 For peace on earth—a *lasting* peace,

and *just!*

Florence Earle Coates.

The Athenæum.

HOME AT LAST.

To an open house in the evening,

Home shall men come,

To an older place than Eden,

And a taller town than Rome.

To the end of the way of the wander-
 ing star,

To the things that cannot be and that
 are,

To the place where God was homeless,
 And all men are at home.

G. K. Chesterton.

AMERICA, THE WAR AND THE MILLENNIUM.

"There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war."—George Washington's Inaugural Address, December, 1793, when, as now, war was in progress in Europe and the United States was neutral.

"I am hopeful that the world, as a result of this war, will get rid of at least a part of the burden of armaments. I am hopeful that civilization is going to do something to defend itself against war."—Lord Haldane in an interview in the *Chicago Daily News*.

There is only one really neutral nation among the great Powers in the present war—the United States. Italy, though not at present fighting, is politically involved in the struggle; from the first it has been recognized that at any moment she may be forced by circumstances to declare herself. The United States is the only neutral great Power of the world. What contribution to the well-being of suffering humanity has the Republic, free from the embarrassments and horrors of war, and separated by thousands of miles of ocean from the scenes of the battle, made during the past nine months? This period has been the testing time of America, representing the antithesis to the autocratic and soldier-ridden nations of the Old World which began this terrible struggle.

From the day when the peace was broken and half the population of the world became engaged in hostilities, all eyes were fixed on the great Republic on the other side of the

Atlantic as the impartial witness of the titanic struggle; fitted by her geographical position, her traditions, and her institutions to act at once as the umpire between the belligerents and as the champion of civilization amid the welter of blood and the groans of the dying in Europe. Idealists also looked to the American people to set an example to the warring nations by a voluntary limitation of their growing armaments, and, above all, to defend against infraction the treaties and conventions which were the fruits of many conferences and represented the best efforts of "the polite nations" to rob war—red-toothed and ugly—of some of its horrors.

These hopes were reinforced by the realization that the United States is a democracy and that the inhabitants have no sympathy with militarism. The United States has hitherto supported an exiguous army and a considerable fleet without any such compulsory measures of enlistment as are universal in practically all non-English speaking States, and even in two of the British over-sea Dominions, and which have a tendency to inoculate the public conscience with the virus of militarism. The *levée en masse* exists in the United States on paper, but is inoperative. The defences of America rest on the patriotic sentiments and voluntary services of American citizens.

After nine months of war it is apparent that the people of the United States have let slip the golden opportunity which Armageddon offered to them. They have not lifted a finger to defend right against might, except when the right was that of neutrals and commercial interests were involved; they have not protected international laws from infraction, even

when thousands of innocent lives have thereby been sacrificed; they have not given a lead to the world by such a limitation of armaments as might have been carried out by them without possibility of imperilling their own safety. All that they can take credit for is that they have played the part, and played it nobly, of the Good Samaritan. They have assisted us and the Dominions in succouring the populations in the districts overrun, despoiled, and outraged by the Germans, and have placed the staffs of their Embassies at the disposal of the belligerent Powers, in particular with a view to the amelioration of the treatment of prisoners. There will be no inclination to under-value these services. The American people have our thanks and the thanks in full measure of the terrorized inhabitants of the devastated areas in Belgium, Northern France, and Poland.

All this on the one hand. On the other, the United States has refused even to play the *rôle of umpire*. The Republic was a party to all the Hague Conventions.¹ In the English-speaking world it had been assumed, in the light of the Monroe Doctrine and our offices in supporting it in the interests of peace,² that whatever happened, the United States would lend its powerful aid to protect small and weak nationalities from oppression and extinction, and to preserve those instruments of culture which were produced at the

Hague. What has happened? No word of protest came from the Government of the United States when Belgium, contrary to Germany's treaty obligations, was invaded and the whole country ravaged—a sin, to the heinous character of which the Imperial Chancellor confessed. The flood gates of barbarism were thrown open. No action was taken when, contrary to the laws of God and man, unfortified and unresisting towns and villages in France and Poland were laid bare and their inhabitants outraged or murdered; no defence of the Hague Conventions, as affecting operations at sea, was put forward when, one after another, they were insolently brushed aside by German "necessity"; even the "new piracy," involving brigandage and murder on the high seas, was denounced only so far as it was thought to prejudice America's and other neutrals' material interests.

What is the explanation of this disappointment of the confident hopes which had been entertained that the United States, at peace with the world, would act as umpire between the belligerents, speaking words of warning and protest as circumstances might dictate? For an explanation, we must go back to the days of the first President of the United States. When the French Revolution was in progress and the British and French nations were at grips with one another, Washington wrote the following words to Patrick Henry:—

"My ardent desire and my aim has been . . . to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic, and to keep the United States free from political connection with every other country, to see them independent of all and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an American character that the Powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for ourselves and not for others. This, in my judgment, is the only way to be respected

¹ "The Powers of the whole world, through their united labors here (The Hague) during the past four months, have not only learnt to understand each other and to draw closer together, but have succeeded in the course of their long collaboration in evolving a lofty conception of the common welfare of humanity."—Final Act of the Second Peace Conference, 1907.

² "What, at the moment the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed, insured beyond peradventure the immunity from foreign oppression of the Spanish-American colonies in their struggle for independence? The command of the sea by Great Britain, backed by the feeble navy but imposing strategic position of the United States, with her swarm of potential commerce-destroyers, which a decade before had harassed the trade of even the mistress of the seas."—The late Admiral Mahan.

abroad and happy at home, and not, by becoming partisans of Great Britain or France, create dissension, disturb the public tranquillity, and destroy, perhaps for ever, the cement which binds the Union."

This declaration has been quoted in explanation and justification of America's attitude to the war. Does it suffice? Many changes have occurred, during the period of nearly one hundred and twenty years since these words were written, in the status and responsibilities of the American people. The United States is no longer a self-contained Republic; she has become a colonial Power, owning vast tracts of territory in Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands; her merchant vessels navigate the waters of the world; she claims a voice in European politics; her warships cruise in European and Asiatic waters. In these respects the ideals of Washington have been overlaid; the United States has become a world Power, intervening from time to time in the affairs of Europe and Asia, her naval and military forces having even been associated with those of European Powers in the Mediterranean, in China, and in Japan.

In spite of these changes, the United States has stood aside during the past nine months, refusing to have part or lot in the Great War, except in so far as her material interests have been threatened. She has remained neutral, and, in that respect, has done no outrage either to her traditions or to her friendships. She has, however, carried the policy of negation a further step; she has denied herself the lofty privilege of acting as umpire, as the champion prepared to defend the hardly won triumphs of civilization. She has been, except where her material interests have been concerned, a mere spectator of events. She has raised no protests against the claim that a belligerent's "necessity" is the

only law binding upon him; she has allowed it to go forth to the world that might is right; she has permitted all the harvest of peace garnered at the Hague to be sacrificed. The American people, through their Government, have defended their own interests, but they have defended none other. New precedents sanctioning outrage and murder on land and sea have been created; the United States has uttered no effective protest. That is the record of facts to which American publicists and journalists have subscribed.

Have the Allies, who are fighting the cause of freedom, any reason for complaint because the United States did not also decide to fight? Assuredly no. They never looked to the Republic to do other than study the situation from its own point of view—to act for its inhabitants and not for others. But the irony of things is that it is the American people who have suffered, who are still suffering, and will continue to suffer in the future. "Charity begins at home," but such charity dries up the wells of humanity and injures those who seek to profit by it. On this principle, the United States Government has been throughout within its right; it has been under no legal obligation to intervene by warlike act in the European struggle. Whether, as representing the greatest of all democracies, any moral obligation rested on Mr. Wilson's administration to act as umpire, to stand as guardian of the emblem of Peace, it is not for us to say; the American people must be their own judges. It may be that the time for that judgment is not yet, but is there not another obligation, not merely imminent, but present—the political? If Germany should by any possibility win in this war, or even secure an honorable peace leaving her materialism and militarism unbroken, the day will assuredly come when Americans will be forced to review the events of the past

nine months in a new light. Three thousand miles of ocean, on the one hand, and six thousand miles of ocean, on the other, constitute no defence. They may learn what it means to have in their midst a savage soldiery, pillaging, outraging, and murdering. They may experience what the bombardment of undefended coast towns is like—unprotected men, women, and children lying cold and dead, the victims of a "cultured" foe; they may appreciate the sufferings involved in the "new piracy," ships with unprotected crews and innocent passengers, women as well as men, being butchered without warning. In short, the American people may find that the new precedents of "frightfulness" set up by Germany in the course of the present war will be paraded at some future date as justifying acts from which they, in their turn, will suffer.

All this is America's business, not ours. As combatants in the war we have no ground for complaint against the American Government; it has acted throughout within its rights. Certainly we, who know the boon of peace, would never have lifted a finger to involve the Republic in this most terrible of all wars in modern times. We never counted on her intervening, hoped that she would do so, or thought that she could do so with effect with her very small army; and the aid of her fleet we did not need. The most that any person, sharing with the American people cherished memories of common service to the heathen, the downtrodden, and the oppressed, and common political and social instincts, would say even in the privacy of the home would be this:—

"The Americans have maintained their neutrality; their conduct has been strictly correct; they need reproach themselves with no unneutral act. But they have let the opportunity pass of defending civilization from a

series of assaults from which it will not soon recover. They have let it go forth that might is right. The figure of Liberty, which dominates the great waterway leading to New York, will, in future, convey to Americans and strangers something less than the old meaning. America has been at peace and, in studied detachment, has watched peace being murdered. But . . . but . . . but . . ."

There are millions of Americans, particularly those who have been foremost in measures for the amelioration of the world's many sicknesses, who can fill in the blank spaces.

All this on the one hand. On the other, the American Congress and the Naval and Military Departments have been busy strengthening and reorganizing the defensive forces of the Republic. These actions have been the inevitable corollary to America's attitude towards the war in Europe and her failure to make instant protest against the breaking of treaties, the improper use of mine and submarine, and the denial of practically all the restraints imposed on belligerents, upon which the civilized world prided itself less than one short year ago.

In the course of their history, the American people were never so defenceless as to-day. There was no State in the world which had so much to gain from all the work which had been performed with the view to robbing war of some of its horrors and confining operations within certain definite channels. The United States consists of a vast territory with an area of approximately 3,000,000 square miles, populated by about 100,000,000 persons. The effective army consists of less than 90,000 officers and men, of whom no inconsiderable portion are stationed in the Canal Zone and overseas. The regular army is supported by a militia which, in 1914, comprised about 120,000 enlisted officers and men. The latter force is controlled by the

individual States, and maintained in part by grants from the Federal Government. It is admittedly inefficient, lacking in unity of command and in unity of training, and, being distributed on no strategic plan, is not even what we should regard as a citizen army. As a military Power, the United States can hardly be said to have any existence; its forces on a war footing compare most closely with those of Montenegro. Yet the United States has watched in studded immobility the acts of German troops in Belgium, Northern France, and Russian Poland.

It may be said, and it is no doubt said, that the Americans have nothing to fear from the great armed forces of the military Powers since they are defended by the sea. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the sea, in these days of steam propulsion, the submarine, the airship, and the aeroplane is no defence. *The time is at hand when it will be realized that a sea-frontier is more difficult to defend than a land frontier.* With vast stretches of coast-line, washed by the Atlantic and the Pacific, the United States has done well to place its Navy on a pinnacle as the first line of defence. Can the Navy protect the United States? The difference between the great Republic and the United Kingdom is that the Americans have practically no other line of defence; we do possess a Regular Army in the United Kingdom of about 125,000 supported by a quarter of a million Territorials and 140,000 Army Reservists. Once the United States Navy has been defeated or even stalemated by the great ocean-going submarines which are now taking the water, the Americans will be able to offer no serious resistance to invasion.

In these circumstances it must be admitted that Congress has done well in devoting increased attention to its armaments, but the President would

have made a greater contribution to the safety of the American people if the Hague Conventions had been supported. The size and character of the American Army and Militia are such that it is unnecessary to pause to examine the measures recently adopted by Congress. The United States Navy, however, is in a different category. The American Fleet ranks with, but after, the German Fleet. Including ships building, it embraces 41 battleships, 25 cruisers, about 60 destroyers, 24 torpedo boats, and a large number of submarines. In strength the American Navy far away surpasses that of Japan, contesting with Germany the position of second greatest naval Power of the world.

It might have been assumed, and in some quarters it was assumed, that America, challenging vigorously every infraction of treaty or convention to which, in her own interest, she had been signatory, would be content to mark time in the matter of naval preparations during the war in Europe. The Democrats were returned to power pledged to a policy of reduction in armaments. In the early period of their rule they practised what they preached. It was thought that, confident in the strength which the American Navy had already attained, the ruling party in Congress would delay building any fresh ships or adding to the number of officers and men; at least, until the war had taught its lessons in ship design and construction and manning. In the first place, the war offered an opportunity for practising economy without peril. In the second place, it was evident that as a result of the war the great navies of Europe would suffer heavy losses, which would tend to exaggerate the existing strength of the American Navy, already about 50 per cent stronger than that of Japan. Thirdly, it was thought that, as in the past

American opinion had shown keen sympathy with the disarmament movement, the United States would seize the opportunity which the war afforded of setting an example to the Powers of the world and thus heralding the dawn of a new era. These anticipations have not been realized. On the contrary, Congress has devoted more attention to armaments and voted larger sums for their creation than in almost any preceding year of its history.

A picture of the work which has been done in the name of the American people and with their approval on behalf of the United States Navy was recently presented by Mr. Josephus Daniels on the occasion of the launch on March 16th, last, of the *Pennsylvania*, the largest and most costly ship of war in the world. Speaking at the luncheon which followed the ceremony, Mr. Daniels, after referring to the development of battleship design in the past, continued as follows:—

"Turning to the Navy of to-day and the impetus given it by the recent legislation, it is fitting here to declare that the Sixty-third Congress made the naval legislation the brightest of its pages and gave it rank with the greatest Congresses that have assembled in our country. This Congress had a larger vision of the value of the submarine, and translated that vision into effectiveness by authorizing the construction of three sea-going submarines of a size and endurance that will enable them to keep the sea and operate in concert with the fleet, and costing, completed, \$5,166,000. In addition to the above, authorization was made for the construction of twenty-three smaller submarines at a total cost of \$14,800,000, or twenty millions for modern submarines.³

"No nation has placed such substantial faith in the deadly power of this modern craft. Within a comparatively

short time, when our mighty fleet lies in Hampton Roads, ready to traverse the ocean, it will be accompanied by submarines which can make twenty knots and send hurtling through the water torpedoes capable of sinking the leviathan ships any nation can construct.

"The Sixty-third Congress had the wisdom to see that the backbone of any naval fighting machine is the great ship able to keep the ocean when it is storm-tossed. It authorized five mighty Dreadnoughts, as against only two by the previous Congress. Each will cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000 (about £3,000,000). *They will have no superiors afloat.*

"It recognized the necessity for destroyers—those fleet cruisers upon which dependence can be placed—and authorized the construction of twelve.

"It recognized also that iron ships are no better than 'painted ships upon a painted ocean' unless equipped with what experts have found to be the best projectiles, powder, and guns, and it made adequate provision for ammunition and oil that these great ships can need to make them ready instantly for any emergency.

"I wish time permitted and sound policy did not forbid the telling of the big things—Navy secrets—that are being done in construction, ordnance, and engineering by the distinguished naval officers at the head of the bureau. No country in the world has abler men; none are producing the implements of warfare superior to those now in making—the result of new methods and invention in our Navy."

Continuing in this vein, while the blood was still flowing from the veins of Europe and half the population of the world was involved in war, the Secretary of the Navy added:—

"There never was a time when the Navy was so powerful, so ready, so efficient as now. Nor has there been a year when the fleet has given so much time to target practice, manoeuvres, war games, and practices as the present year. Skill, modern adaptation,

³ Submarine cannot fight submarine. American submarines will offer no defence against an enemy's submarines.

new tactics are being carried out day and night. The motto of the Navy of to-day is 'Training, training, and more training; practice, and more practice.' Nothing else keeps ships and men fit. To-day they are fit and ready.

"It is the crowning honor of the second session of the Sixty-third Congress that it authorized the organization of the Naval Militia and gave it an appropriation sufficient to secure a valuable naval reserve. The third session of the Sixty-third Congress doubled the appropriation for the Naval Militia. Of naval legislation, the provision, wise and constructive, for an effective reserve is the greatest piece of constructive naval legislation of this generation. It has been hailed with delight by the men in the Navy and universally approved by the country.

"Ours is a navy to incite our pride. It is no longer necessary to beg men to join the Navy. Since March, 1913, the enlistment has increased 5,670 men, and there is a waiting list of splendid young men anxious to become blue-jackets. *This increase has enabled the Department to put thirty-three more ships into commission than in 1913.* What else has resulted from the policy of education, promotion, and larger opportunities? Re-enlistments have increased 12 per cent., retaining in the service experienced men, and thereby greatly adding to the efficiency of the Navy. Desertions have decreased 17 per cent. Modern methods of penology in the Navy have kept pace with modern methods of armament and equipment and construction."

Far from leading in the movement for the limitation of armaments, Congress in its last session has given the movement a fresh impetus. Three huge battleships, the largest ever constructed, having been laid down since the war in Europe opened, together with other units, authority has now been given for the building of two more battleships, probably even larger, six destroyers, two sea-going submarines, sixteen coast defence sub-

marines, and one oilship. Thus, in addition to smaller units, the American Navy Department has received authority from the present Congress to add five large armored units to the American Fleet, as Mr. Daniels noted with pride.

In view of the comparative isolation in which naval progress on the other side of the Atlantic takes place, it may be of interest to recall the remarkable development of battleship design which has occurred. The record has more than passing importance in view of the oft-repeated declaration that the British Admiralty led in the construction of Dreadnoughts; in fact, the American Navy Department designed the first ship of the all big-gun type, and has since laid down, year by year, vessels larger by several thousand tons than those built for the British Navy. The story of the development of American battleship design is borrowed from the *New York Times* in order that there may be no suspicion that its dramatic character is due to any desire to exaggerate the significance of the sequence of events:—

"Beginning with the battleship *New Hampshire*, the last vessel of the pre-Dreadnought type built for the United States Navy, it is interesting to note how with each naval authorization the power of the main batteries of American ships has been increased.

"The *New Hampshire* was laid down in 1906. She is a sister ship of the *Minnesota*, *Vermont*, and *Kansas*. Her tonnage is 16,000, and her main battery consists of four 12-inch guns mounted two in a turret. A 12-inch broadside from the *New Hampshire* class of ships weighs 3,400 pounds.

"In 1908 the *Michigan* and *South Carolina*, the first all big-gun ships of the United States Navy, were laid down. They each mount eight 12-inch guns, two to a turret. Their tonnage is 16,000, and the weight of a 12-inch broadside fired from either of them is 6,800 pounds.

"The *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, each of 20,000 tons displacement, and when laid down in 1909 the greatest ships the world had seen up to that time, mount ten 12-inch guns each, two to a turret, two of the turrets forward and three aft, and all arranged to make possible a broadside of all guns. A *Delaware* broadside weighs 8,500 pounds.

"The *Utah* and *Florida*, each of 21,800 tons displacement, but with main batteries the same as those of the *Delaware* and *North Dakota*, were laid down in 1910, and after them came the *Wyoming* and *Arkansas*, in which the batteries were increased to twelve 12-inch, two turrets forward and four aft. An *Arkansas* broadside weighs 10,200 pounds. The displacement of the *Arkansas* is 26,000 tons.

"In 1912 the newest of American super-Dreadnoughts now in commission, the *New York* and *Texas*, were laid down. They are the first American ships to mount 14-inch guns, which fire a projectile weighing 1,400 pounds. The tonnage of the *New York* is 27,000. A broadside from a ship of this class weighs 14,000 pounds.

"The *Oklahoma* and *Nevada*, each of 27,500 tons displacement, are soon to be ready for commission, and will carry the same battery as the *New York* class of ships. In these two ships, however, the three gun to a turret arrangement appears for the first time in the United States Navy. The *Oklahoma* has four turrets, two of them mounting three 14-inch guns each, and the others two 14-inch guns each.

"After the *Oklahoma* class comes the *Pennsylvania* and the *Arizona*, the former launched two weeks ago at Newport News, and the other, which is under construction at the navy yard in Brooklyn, to be launched early in next June. The *Pennsylvania* and *Arizona* each displace 31,500 tons, and are the first American ships to mount twelve 14-inch guns. A *Pennsylvania* broadside will therefore weigh 16,800 pounds.

"The *California*, *Idaho*, and *Missis-*

sipi follow the *Pennsylvania*. They displace more than 32,000 tons each, and may mount 16-inch instead of 14-inch guns, although when authorized the understanding was that their main batteries would comprise 14-inch guns."

Year by year the Navy Department of the United States has laid down ships larger by several thousand tons than those designed by the British Admiralty, and yet year by year ignorant criticism has been directed against the British naval authorities for leading in the rivalry of tons and guns. To-day our newest battleship, the *Queen Elizabeth*, displaces 27,500 tons; the American ships now completing or complete are of about 32,000 tons.

The naval legislation which has just been adopted by Congress does not suggest that the American people have any belief that the present war will be the last of all wars. Provision has been made for the creation of a naval reserve, which will eventually number 30,000 officers and men. This is a most important step so as to enable the American Fleet to be put on a war footing speedily. The ranks of admiral and vice-admiral have been revived in favor of the officers first and second in command of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Asiatic Fleets respectively. Hitherto even the Commanders-in-Chief of these forces have held the rank of Rear-Admiral only, with the result that when joint operations with other navies have been carried out, they have occupied positions of juniority. In future, the three supreme officers flying the American naval flag will rank in accordance with their new ranks, and it may be, unless the British Admiralty introduces a change, that they will be in charge of any joint operations carried out in Pacific or Asiatic waters.

The officers associated with the coast

fortifications and the new forts for the defence of the Panama Canal had to submit to prolonged examination. The fate of the Belgian forts has caused some nervousness on the other side of the Atlantic. These officers were asked in particular whether they were satisfied as to the character of the guns hitherto mounted in the coast fortresses. They admitted that, owing to the increased size of the artillery carried by the newest men-of-war, it was essential to strengthen the armaments both on the coast and in the Canal Zone. It is intended to enlarge the powder chambers even of the new 16-inch guns. Both General Crozier and General Weaver, speaking as they were in public, exhibited considerable caution, but they left the impression that they were impressed by the necessity for further improving the sea-coast defences and providing the necessary auxiliary services; and hence the decision to lay down sixteen more submarines of limited size. Congress even went so far as to increase the provision for submarines beyond the number for which the Navy Department itself had asked.

A reform which indicates the serious attention which is being devoted to naval affairs on the other side of the Atlantic consists of the appointment of an officer as Chief of Naval Operations. He will occupy a position corresponding more or less closely with that of the First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty. His advent is the most remarkable development in American defensive policy for many years past. This officer, acting under the Secretary for the Navy, "is to be held responsible for the readiness of the Navy for war and in charge of its general direction." The House Committee which reported in favor of the appointment of this officer made the following comment upon the new departure:—

"At present there exists a General

Board and Naval War College, neither of which seems to be equipped for adequately performing this duty, nor have they sufficient officers under their jurisdiction to do this fundamental work for preparation of the plans of war. The demands upon the staff of the War College and the members of the General Board for other questions involving the efficiency of the *personnel* and material of the Navy are such that they have not had time and opportunity to fully prepare in detail and perfect this work. It is the opinion of the Committee that the necessity for such an office exists in the naval establishment.

"It will be noted that the Secretary of the Navy retains absolute control over the office, and the Chief of Operations performs only such duties as are assigned by the Secretary, and the orders are issued under the authority of the Secretary of the Navy. The principal or civilian control of the Navy Department is in no way affected by the provision recommended. The tentative duties of the proposed Chief of Naval Operations and his assistants will be such that the work may be conveniently divided among nine committees or sections. The sections would probably be as follows:—

"The historical section, which covers the study and analysis of past campaigns.

"The policy section, which studies the inherent interests of all nations and the policies which logically follow.

"The strategic section studies the theatres of possible wars from every aspect and the sources and means of supply for the military and naval forces.

"The tactical section studies tactics, particularly in relation to strategy; determines and endeavors to insure that the tactics of the fleet are kept constantly up to date and conform to the character of the ships and weapons that will be used.

"The logistic section studies the logistic aspects of the strategical and tactical plans involving the requirements as to supplies at the beginning

of the war, during the war, and the organization of transportation and many other things incident to the auxiliary service, including the inspection of merchant vessels.

"The organization section studies and devises plans of organization for war in order to secure the most efficient flow of authority, the best administrative and tactical grouping of the forces, detail of *personnel* for command, and the orders necessary for the execution of the various plans.

"The mobilization section prepares and keeps always up to date plans for mobilizing for each of the various stations arising from conflict with possible enemies.

"The training section studies methods for the training of the naval forces and devises strategical problems and tactical exercises involving combined manoeuvres of battleships, auxiliaries, submarines, aircraft, and mining vessels.

"The executive section sees that the plans devised are executed."

In spite of the careful phrases employed in describing the duties attaching to this new office, it will be apparent to anyone familiar with the constitution and organization of the Navy Department of the United States that the appointment marks a departure from the policy hitherto followed, which may have far-reaching results. Unlike the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, the Chief of Naval Operations will presumably be called before the Naval Committees of the House of Representatives and the Senate and examined and cross-examined in public on the sufficiency and efficiency of the fleet. It may be assumed that statements from an officer occupying a position of such importance and directly representing the fleet will exercise no mean influence on opinion in and outside Congress.

Possibly the most eloquent reflection of the opinion of Congress upon the future of armaments is to be found in

the following paragraph in the Naval Appropriation Bill:—

"The Secretary of the Navy is hereby directed to submit to the next regular session of Congress a report on building four warships of the type, power, and speed which, in his judgment, based on the knowledge gained from the prevailing war in Europe, are best suited for war on the sea; also to report, in the light of that war, the value and uses in naval warfare of aeroplanes, dirigibles, balloons, and submarines."

This great democracy, sharing with us language and, in large measure, political, social, and religious institutions, has no faith in the pleas for a limitation of armaments; conscious though they must be that the belligerents will probably emerge from the war weaker than they were when the peace was broken and wearied in mind and body, Congress has nevertheless made provision for further increasing the naval and military forces of the United States.

What is not yet realized by the people of the United States is that, owing to the new precedents in the methods of warfare on land and at sea, and particularly at sea, which Germany has created, they are, in spite of the recent action of Congress, far more vulnerable than they have ever been before. Moreover, as the submarine increases in size and efficiency, their weakness will grow, however generous the shipbuilding policy of Congress, since submarine cannot fight submarine. Of all neutral Powers of the world the United States had the best reasons for acting the part of umpire during the present war and denouncing the "new piracy" and the other infractions of the laws of God and man. For allowing that opportunity to pass America probably more than any other country will most seriously suffer, even if the inhabitants of the United States be not eventually

forced by circumstances to adopt some conscriptive system for the maintenance of their naval and military systems. America, having abdicated her position as the champion of "a lofty conception of the common welfare of humanity," is looking not to the mil-

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lennium but to the next war, and, apparently, does not yet apprehend all that she has sacrificed. The Hague Conventions constituted the supreme interest of the United States in this war.

Archibald Hurd.

A RHODES SCHOLAR IN BELGIUM.

The writer of this paper, Mr. F. H. Gailor, is a Rhodes Scholar of New College, Oxford, and has spent the last three months in Belgium administering under the American Commission the relief so graciously sent to Belgian distress by the United States, Canada, and Australia. The British Committee for this purpose is now to be constituted by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G., The Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., The Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M., The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, The Right Hon. Sir J. Compton-Rickett, M.P., The Right Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., John E. Redmond, Esq., M.P.

ED. CORNHILL.

In Brussels one day in December I went down to the Bains Saint Sauveur, which before the war was the place where the people of the Belgian capital foregathered for their Turkish baths, and is now one of the largest canteens of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and about a thousand people stood before the doors in a queue which wound away up over the hill, round the corner, and out of sight. In that line were people of all classes, ages, and sexes. Women and girls, some with babies in their arms, some with children clinging to their skirts, some who wore shawls and sabots, and some

with furs and cloaks, still smart enough to make one realize that the war had brought them a change of fortune for the worse. In this line were also men and boys, some too old and some too young for service, but there were others who still had a crutch or cane, or some other sign of their recent experience in a military hospital. The people in the line were all different and yet all alike, in that they were Belgians and dependent on the food given them by the Commission. This scene is one of the most common and most typical in the life of Brussels today, and there are 150,000 of its people who form these lines each morning to receive their only food.

In the long hall of the building, where the same people, perhaps, in other days received their bath tickets, I found many more of the earlier comers, chatting together and clattering back and forth on the stone floor in their wooden sabots, as they received their half-pound loaves of bread and pitchers of steaming soup in return for the green and yellow tickets issued by the Commission.

At the end of the hall, all alone and apparently unconscious of the crowds of strangers streaming past, sat a little Belgian boy of about ten years. In one hand he held a loaf of American bread and on his knees a bowl of soup. He was far more interested in the meal than in the crowd, and paid no attention to me as I approached to ask him

why he was made to sit in the corner by himself. "Oh, I just arrived this morning, and didn't have a ticket," he said, "so they put me here to eat, to see that I really was hungry and did not want to use the food for something else." And, his position explained, I was dismissed by his turning his attention to eating the soup by means of bits of bread broken from the loaf. I realized then that he was too busy for further conversation, so I sought the Director, a man who was formerly high in the Councils of the Socialist party and who is now devoting all his time to the relief of the poor. I asked him about the boy, and I was not surprised at the little fellow's composure when I heard his story. "About two hours ago when we opened the doors," the Director said, "the boy came trudging in with a baby in his arms, wrapped in a blanket. He had been standing before the doors for half an hour, and nothing could induce him to let the women in the line take charge of the baby." The Director went on to tell me that he had known the boy's mother as the wife of a prosperous farmer, who was killed at Vilvoorde when the Germans were attacking Antwerp. After her husband's death the mother had stayed on the farm with the little boy, and after the baby was born she had died, telling the little boy with whom she had been left all alone to come to Brussels and find the Director. At daybreak, after an all-night's vigil with his baby sister, the little fellow had set out on his ten-mile walk to Brussels. He was afraid to stop at any of the villages along the way because of the Germans, and, even when he met Belgians, he would not talk to them except to ask his way. Now he was having a meal before going to the Director's house where he and his baby sister would make their future home. The Director went back with me along the hall and

we spoke to the boy, but I heard nothing about his adventures of the night before because he was unwilling to talk about them. He spoke of America, but with no enthusiasm. He was like an experienced business man with responsibility rather than a sleepy little boy of ten. I think that incident made me realize for the first time the true spirit of Belgium and the Belgian people; and, after seeing that little hero who had been so faithful to his trust and taken so little credit for it, one could better understand the deeds of the Belgian Army last August.

The Director took us to see a new shipment of flour that had just arrived. He was very enthusiastic about it because it was pure white, and the people had been getting only brown bread for months. On each sack was stamped "From Indiana to Belgium—War Relief Fund," and I could picture the experiences of each of those sacks from the time they left the wheat-fields out in Indiana last autumn. They had been put on a train and carried free of charge by the American railroads to New York, where one of the Commission's freight boats was waiting to take them to Rotterdam. At Rotterdam, after being weighed and inspected, they had been shifted aboard little iron lighters of 600 tons and sent to Brussels. Each lighter was consigned to the American Minister and sailed under the protection of the American flag. Furthermore, the lighters were sealed at the Frontier and a placard, stamped by the German Government and bearing the magic words "Not to be requisitioned," placed on them. As I knew, there were perhaps half a dozen of the little lighters loaded and shipped from that particular "gift-boat" from Indiana, and Brussels kept only the quantity of flour proportional to its population; the rest was sent out to the provinces to the storehouses of the

nine Provincial Committees. Going down the canals in Brussels the lighters still bore the placard stamped by the German Military Governor and were still consigned to the American Minister at Namur, Mons, or whatever provincial centre was to receive the flour. The cargoes in that way remained neutral property. When they reached their destination the American Delegate appeared with his copy of the bill of lading and a Power of Attorney from the American Minister to release the flour to the Belgian Provincial Committee for distribution in that particular locality, or reserve the flour in the American storehouse for shipment to other parts of that province. Thus the flour was under the protection of the American flag from the time it left America until it was put in the storehouses to be distributed to the lines of destitute Belgians waiting in the street to receive it.

I have, perhaps, run a little ahead of my story, and it is necessary for me to go back and explain the organization that carries and distributes flour. The Commission for Relief in Belgium is divided into two parts, the American Commission and the Belgian "Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation." As neutrals, the Americans, who are able to move about the country, are naturally in charge of procuring and transporting the food; while the Belgians, who know their own country and people, have taken over the work of distribution and the organization of the canteens. The American Commission has offices at New York, London, and Rotterdam, as well as at Brussels, while the organization of the Belgian Committee is confined to Belgium. The head office is with the American Commission at Brussels, and it has branches in each of the nine Belgian Provinces and representatives in almost every Belgian town. Of course, the part of Flanders

which is in the military zone is not at the present time regularly organized, but some shipments have been made to Ostend, Roulers, and other places which are practically under fire. There are about 100 Americans who devote all their time to this work, and about 500 Belgians who co-operate with them. The Americans come from all walks of life; some are mining engineers, some managers of large businesses in England or America, some school teachers, and in addition to them are the young men in the Provinces, who receive the shipments and supervise the distribution. Twenty-five of these men are Rhodes Scholars from Oxford.

The Commission for Relief in Belgium is a charity that has become a national food trust, and is therefore, as we say in America, "big business." There are now in Belgium about six million civilians, and every slice of bread they eat comes through the Commission. The business involves the expenditure of some millions of dollars a month, and it is obviously impossible to describe adequately a work of this size in an article of a few thousand words. In normal times and under the best conditions the work of procuring, shipping, and distributing flour to six million people would be no small affair, but at present in Belgium nothing is normal, and conditions for business of any kind are at their worst. The German military power comes first, and monopolizes all public utilities and carriers for its own needs. The railroads have been taken over by the German military authorities, and only by sending a telegram in German from one Commandant to another may the offices of the Commission use the wires. It takes at least forty-eight hours for a telegram coming from Rotterdam to be delivered at the Brussels office, and another twenty-four hours for it to be

received in the Provinces. If one picks up the telephone receiver in Brussels or Antwerp, instead of getting Exchange one gets the Kommandatur. Of course the Post Office is open, and regular German stamps, with "Belgien" printed on them, are sold. It is also true that every once in a while, after indefinitely long intervals, letters are sent by train—that is, when there is no military use for the train and no military objection to the letters. In Belgium to-day there are no Law Courts except the courts-martial, and in the country places there are no policemen, although in Brussels and Antwerp the gendarmes have stuck to their post and, like chickens with their wings clipped, contented themselves with a modicum of their old authority in the shadow of the more resplendent military "Polizei." If a Dutch lighterman should decide to sell a cargo of Commission flour *en route*, the military authorities would be the only Court of Appeal. For a time, in the first days of the Commission's existence, duty was charged on consignments of Commission foodstuffs by the Belgian Customs officials, who had been left in authority over imports that were not taking place. The Germans made an agreement to free all Commission food from import tax, but this had no weight with the Belgians, who could get no instructions on the subject from their Government at Havre and clung tenaciously to the remainder of their depleted power, even at the expense of their starving countrymen.

The total paralysis of the normal life of the country is well illustrated by a story that the remaining Town Councilman of Aerschot told me. At Aerschot, as everyone knows, about half the houses have been burned, and among them the Record Office with all the archives. In the pinch of circumstances, a certain husband, a citizen of

Aerschot, who had had only a civil marriage, decided that one mouth was easier to feed than two and that his wife was a burden, so one fine day he left her. Naturally the wife resented the desertion and went immediately to the Councilman, who is now Burgo-master, lawyer, and general Poobbah of the town, and he, although he knows that the marriage took place five years ago and that the husband and wife have been living together ever since, can do nothing, because all the papers are destroyed and there are no Courts in which he, as a lawyer, may take the matter up. His ending was characteristic as he said "I should like to take a gun, find the man, and have a real military wedding, but firearms—you know, monsieur, a genuine case—and the rest of the town would go!"

The canals and some twenty-five automobiles have solved the problem of carriers for the Commission, and given a number of Dutch lightermen and Belgian chauffeurs something to do. Practically all the food comes in from Holland by the three canals *via* Maastricht and the Meuse, *via* Brussels, or that through East Flanders to Mons and Charleroi. When the Commission opened its work all three of these waterways were blocked, but in some places with the help of the Germans, and in some where they were allowed to approach the canals with the aid of the Belgians, the Americans have now succeeded in making all three navigable for their small lighters. The business letters of the Commission to and from Holland, as well as in the interior of the country, are carried by American couriers in automobiles. From time to time the couriers have some trouble about passes, but as a rule they go freely through the German lines or from town to town, and this method is at least much more feasible than attempt-

ing to make use of the post office.

In writing an article on Belgium as it is to-day, with the war on its western and southern borders and the country under German control, one must consider Brussels as quite different and distinct from any of the other towns. The Burgomaster of Louvain, who was formerly a professor of law at the University, summed up the whole situation for me one day when he said, "Why, those people at Brussels do not realize that there is a war. They actually know when New Year's day is coming and prepare something that shall take the place of a celebration." Of course that statement of the case is somewhat extreme. The war is felt in Brussels and one can see many signs of it, but there are no ruins and there was no fighting there. Now, I think the Germans are rather proud that the capital has not been damaged, and the officers say constantly to an American, "You see yourself that where the Belgians made no trouble neither did we." They use Brussels as a sort of pleasure city, where those soldiers who cannot reach Berlin may take their holiday from the trenches. The Germans have from time to time taken precautions against a revolution, because they say that the Bruxellois are recalcitrant and have not had their lesson. Orders have been issued to the German soldiers never to go about the streets without a rifle, on the ground that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." On a busy evening at the famous "Princess Café," which is now monopolized by the German private, one may see the rifles stacked in the aisles while the soldiers are having their Munich beer—which, by the way, is brought fresh from Germany every twenty-four hours.

Then in Brussels, as perhaps nowhere else, there are innumerable little things that remind one constantly

of the war. The railroad stations are carefully guarded by fat "land-sturmern" with fixed bayonets, and no civilian may enter them without a pass. In the streets are constant streams of army wagons, field kitchens, ammunition carts, and sometimes artillery back from the front for repair, or coming freshly painted from Germany to take the place of those that have been promoted to the French Communiqués. This procession is seen every day, yet every time it passes the man in the street begins to say "It is the retreat and the Allies are coming." Once, when the sound of the guns had been unusually distinct the evening before, the rumor grew to such an extent that finally they began to say "The English and Germans are fighting before the Bourse," people came running from there looking over their shoulders as if they were under fire, and of course the town was in a panic for the rest of the day. The psychological condition of the Belgians to-day is very much that of the early Christians under Nero. They are somewhat dazed by what has happened; their King, through no fault of his own, has left them; and they are wavering always between despair and hope of their deliverance. In the villages, in the shops, even on the street they constantly ask the same questions over and over again, "What are they doing? When are they coming? I hear the date is April 15; do you think that is true, monsieur?" One feels like answering, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons," and appreciates that particular quotation as an answer to get out of a tight place without giving away one's own ignorance. It is against German orders to bring in the English newspapers, because it is said they needlessly excite the people with alleged successes of the Allies. Of course men smuggle in *The Times*, and are grow-

ing rich by selling it at 8s. a copy. One intelligent and otherwise rational Belgian said to me, "Oh, you can't believe anything that this *Times* we get over here says, because the Germans are publishing a special edition. They leave in just enough news to be worthless, in order to give an aspect of plausibility to their scheme for making money." He really believed that story and thought that the Germans had employed American printers to print edited copies of *The Times* as it appeared in England. This shows clearly the state of mind of the Belgian who is ready to believe anything that is an interesting story, and that is, at the same time, to the discredit of the Germans.

The Brussels "tram" is typical of the whole situation. The German officers ride in the first-class compartments, and the privates in the second. Of course, neither are required to pay their fares, for that would give the Belgian conductors a chance to show their authority at the expense of "the military." All automobiles and horses have been requisitioned, so the Belgian ladies have the choice of riding in the tram or walking, and for this reason a celebration took place when the sign "Nicht Rauchen," stamped by the Commandant, was added to those already in the trams printed in French and Flemish. All these things give an idea of the life in Brussels to-day. The signs of the military despotism are few, and there is no actual persecution or anything of that sort, but the life of a people never can be normal in a city occupied by a hostile army of invasion. The difficulty of communication, the absence of telephones, and even the suppressed excitement of the people affect very materially the work of the Commission. But the Belgians have done their part nobly to help their countrymen, and they have to work under the most difficult condi-

tions, for the busiest and ablest men are naturally the most liable to suspicion. While the men work at the distribution of food and the management of the canteens, the Belgian women have organized a Department of the Comité National which concerns itself with procuring clothes for the destitute and giving sewing and other work to women in Brussels and elsewhere. I have gone into detail about the organization at Brussels merely because it is the largest and most central, but practically every Belgian town, save some of those in the military zone in Flanders, is reached by the Commission, and there are some five thousand Belgians who devote all of their time to it.

The centre of the work for the destitute people in Brussels is the large storehouse of the *Messagerie van Gand*, which is now the main kitchen, where soup is made every morning for 150,000 people. The men in charge of the actual cooking are chefs from some of the leading hotels of Brussels, and most of them are volunteers. Fifteen thousand gallons of soup, and large quantities of potatoes and boiled meat, are cooked and sent out every day from this kitchen to the twenty-six subsidiary canteens. From three o'clock in the morning, when the cooking of the first 5,000 gallons of soup is started, the scene in the large circus-like storehouse of the *Express Company* is one of tremendous activity, with the moving figures of the hundred white-clad chefs, the fires ablaze under the scores of immense cauldrons—and all dimly seen through the shifting clouds of pungent steam arising from the boiling soup.

When the soup is cooked it is sent, under the seals of the Commission and the protection of the American flag, in large lorries to the twenty-six canteens, which are established in every quarter of Brussels. From the

hundreds of buildings that were offered for the purpose of this work by the owners, the Belgian Committee has selected twenty-six dance-halls, schools, municipal buildings, or other structure that was large enough and suitably situated.

Another interesting place in the life of Belgium is the Pôle Nord. This large building, which was formerly a music-hall and skating rink, has, under the direction of some of the most prominent women in Brussels, been turned into a national clothing store. The stage and stalls are now piled high with clothing, new and second-hand, for men, women, and children. The floor, once used for skating, is now the shipping department, where orders, which come not only from Brussels but from the most remote villages in the provinces, are filled and the parcels despatched by means of the two dozen immense motor lorries, bearing on their sides the sign "Comité National de Secours et d'Alimentation," and in parentheses "Département des Vêtements." Some of the supplies of clothing have been brought in from England and America, but for the most part they have been made in Brussels and elsewhere in the country, by laborers who are out of work and who are paid by the food tickets of the Commission. One of the most interesting parts of the Pôle Nord is the room where the skates were kept and which is now piled high with shoes and boots of all descriptions, from the wooden sabots to pink satin dancing-slippers that were some débutante's contribution to one of the Gift Ships from England or the United States. Lines of people waiting to be shod stand before the doors and receive boots for tickets issued by the Commission, and the women who fit the shoes and take the tickets are those same women who put on the skates in happier days.

The Commission has made use of the municipal organization in the nine communes of Brussels for the distribution of food. The mayors and the town councilmen are all on the committee, and the workers of the Commission are given offices in each of the town halls. The communal authorities report to the Belgian Committee, which in turn reports to the Commission for Relief. The people, for the purposes of the Commission, are divided into two classes—those who pay nothing or very little, and the rich who are able to pay for bread as in normal times. The business of classification is left to the authorities in each commune. Both classes, the rich and the poor, receive the same ration of 325 grammes or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of bread a day. The destitute people are given the necessary coupons by the commune after the cases have been investigated, and for each ticket so given the communal authorities pay to the Commission one half-penny a day. The authorities fix the price which those who are able to pay something, but not full price, must pay for their bread. Lastly, the rich people who can pay as in normal times are charged at the rate of fifteen shillings per cwt., which is about one penny less per ration than the present price of bread in London.

In order to supply the rich people with bread, the Commission has made use of the normal organization furnished by the bakeries, but the bakeries are under the supervision of the Commission and allowed only sufficient flour to supply the regular customers. Through the Gendarmerie the Commission has taken a census of Brussels, and has a card index showing the number of persons in each household, their names, and the name of their baker. In this way they have been able to ascertain the amount of flour that each baker should receive,

and, as an extra precaution, each purchaser of bread signs a receipt which the baker turns in to the Commission with his weekly report. This report is required before further supplies of flour will be given out, and so it is received regularly each Saturday.

When this system was inaugurated there were some bakers who quite naturally objected to the additional work and stricter supervision. Indeed, the Commission started an office which was soon called the "Bureau for Belligerent Bakers," but that has righted itself, and at the present time the system is working smoothly and with little friction. The great temptation was for the baker to sell at an exorbitant price to the Germans, for the soldier, seeing the white flour, naturally wanted a change from the green war bread of rye and potatoes and was willing to pay well for white bread.

One baker came to the "Bureau" to suggest a scheme by which, given sufficient flour, he could greatly increase the Commission's capital. Of course it was quite impossible, but he suggested that he be allowed to bake a very expensive but still more delicious kind of bread for the exclusive use of the German soldiers. "Why, Messieurs," he said to the men in the "Bureau," "a soldier came in my shop and asked for a kilo of bread the other day, and when I had finished talking to him I could have sold him anything." It was shortly after the battle of the North Sea. The German came into the shop and in German demanded some white bread. In his best French the baker replied that he had no bread for sale. "But, you are a German now," said the soldier, "and must speak German." "Well," said the baker, and this time he spoke German, "if I *am* a German *we* certainly got badly licked yesterday, didn't we?"

All of this happened at Brussels, but Brussels, the civil capital, is very dif-

ferent from military fortresses like Liège, Namur, and Antwerp. In these towns sentries are doubled, people are not allowed on the streets after ten o'clock at night, and passports are often demanded even at high noon. The life of the town is the life of a military fortress, and for that reason there are more troops, trenches, and everything that makes up the atmosphere of war.

Namur, although a fortress, and I believe an important one in the German scheme of defence, is nevertheless the place where the German officers and the Americans of the Commission are on the most friendly terms. This is certainly due in large measure to the character of the officers. The Captain Adjutant to the Military Governor, and to all intents and purposes the man in active command of the Province, has been unusually active and helpful in the work of the Commission. His mother is an Englishwoman and he a former student of Christ Church, Oxford, so he naturally has a perfect command of English and many mutual interests to aid in his understanding of the Rhodes Scholars. It was his petition, as much as any one thing, that decided the authorities to carry Commission food-stuffs free on some of the Belgian railways.

An account of my first meeting with him will give some idea of the interest he takes in the work of the Commission as well as his personal character. Two Commission lighters were being held up by the ruins of a bridge that had been blown up between Liège and Namur, and I was sent from Brussels to find out what had been done to make the Meuse navigable in that place. Although the German engineers gave reports and appearance of great activity, nothing had been done when I arrived at Namur one afternoon about two months ago. When I saw

the American representative, he said: "I think nothing has been done, but we'll go and see the Captain." "We'll go and see the Captain" was, as I afterwards found, the panacea for all Commission ills in that particular province. The Captain had had no news of the work of the engineers, so we all went up the river three miles to the bridge and found that the Dutch captain of the Commission lighter would not proceed because he was afraid that the boat would be damaged by the ruins under water. The Captain took the matter into his own hands, and, after crawling out on the part of the bridge that was still standing and taking soundings with his sword and a weight, decided to steer the boat through himself. He did so successfully and much to the admiration of all the men who had been there at work. Then he had a special train got together and ready to distribute the food throughout the province. Namur is the one place where the Commission is able to use the railroads regularly. All of this gives some idea of why it was when the Captain received the Iron Cross that there was as much rejoicing among the Americans as among the Belgians, who had prepared a petition to the German Emperor in order that the Captain might not be sent to the front.

However, there are degrees of German as of everything else. Namur was the place in Belgium where, in my experience, the Commission was given the most help, and the little frontier town of Putte was where we all had most trouble. Putte is not a very important place, it is true, but in these days one must pass through Putte in order to make use of the best and shortest road from Antwerp to Holland. The Commission's courier, who mentioned in a casual way his sixteen experiences in

different military jails throughout Belgium, told me about the "great reckoning" that had taken place at Putte. So much trouble was given him, and the letters delayed so often, that finally the Commission complained on his behalf to the military authorities at Brussels. The authorities were very much surprised and gave "orders," but still the arresting and the trouble continued. Finally one of the German officers decided to put on civilian's clothes and take a trip in the courier's car to see if there really was trouble, and if so, who was making it. He set out with an impressive pass signed by the Military Governor, and with no trouble passed the sentries at Malines, Antwerp, and the intermediate villages. Every time they passed a sentry—and the sentries occur about every mile along that road—he eyed the courier with increasing scorn and disapproval. Then the automobile reached Putte and the frontier post. As usual, there were several sentries on duty, and all of them eager to get their corporal's stripes with the least possible delay. One of them ran out in front of the car, waving a red flag and crying "Halt!" Another put a bar across the road to enforce the order, while still another pushed his bayonet into the front of the chauffeur's overcoat, and everybody got out of the car to be searched. It was the usual process, but only by using the word "German" can one give an idea of its thoroughness. The tool-box, the spare tires, the petrol tanks, the cushions, and everything else about the car received assiduous investigation. Then the soldiers turned their attention to the passengers, but the officer had seen enough to know what trouble meant and was willing to disclose his identity in order to accept the respect due to his position. His declaration that he was a German officer "en civile" was

greeted with derision, and when he drew his revolver he was very roughly handled and sent back to Antwerp under guard. There the Commandant, being a personal friend of his, released him, but the affair had gone far enough for the Commission to benefit by it. Another regiment of Bavarian Landsturm was brought from the trenches to rest in charge of the frontier, and things now move much more smoothly and rapidly when Commission cars approach.

The Commission has recently extended the sphere of its activity, and is now feeding the 2,500,000 people who were starving behind the German lines in Northern France. As the Germans have put all of this country, which is about one-eighth of the whole area of France, under the control of the German Governor of Belgium, and taken the strips of French territory into the organization of the adjoining Belgian provinces, the Commission has been able to do the same thing by extending the work of the Provincial Committees of Namur, Hainault, and West Flanders. The Germans have been very helpful in organizing this work in Northern France. They have given special trains for shipping the flour, and have supplied lists for making the distribution. But the climax was reached when eight cars loaded with Commission flour were attached to the troop train which was escorting the King of Bavaria on a tour behind the firing lines. The American who was in charge of the shipment of flour wrote an interesting report to the Commission on his experience while being escorted by Royalty. Eight cars had to be taken from Sedan to Charleville, as the people there were without bread. "All right," said a German major to the American, "we'll get them there for you." "So," says the American, "I sat up on one of the box cars eating black potato bread and German

sausage while the major greeted the King, and soldiers of all sorts stood around and bowed. Then the company of the 1st Regiment of Bavarian Guards was entrained and our eight cars were attached. The King's private car was attached to a separate engine and steamed on ahead until we reached Charleville, where we had to get German soldiers to guard the cars and keep the hungry people from running over them in their eagerness to get food. The German soldiers had no difficulty in keeping order, and the people contented themselves with cheering every time one of the trucks went out of the station. The people in France are now supplied regularly with the same rations that are distributed to the Belgians, and the Commission will keep this work going as long as there is necessity for it."

The gratitude of the Belgians to America is a very beautiful thing. On Washington's birthday, February 22, all Belgians wore American colors in honor of the day, and the American Legation at Brussels received more than 5,000 notes of appreciation from all classes of the civil population. The shop windows at Brussels were gay with American flags and pictures of George Washington, President Wilson, and Minister Brand Whitlock. Many of the schools gave the children a holiday as if it had been a national feast. In some places there were processions in the streets and such banners as "Merci aux Américains," and "Hurrah les Etats Unis." At Liège, on the Sunday before the celebration, there was a good deal of excitement, because some of the German soldiers, seeing Belgians wearing red, white, and blue colors, snatched them away, thinking that they were worn in honor of France. When the authorities learned the truth, a written apology was sent to the American Consul, and the German officers the next day wore

the American colors by way of reparation.

On February 22 I met one little Belgian standing in the street at the Porte de Namur at Brussels. He had on a sailor suit, and across his cap was written "U.S.N. *Texas*." He wore Belgian ribbons and was waving a large American flag, so I went up and

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asked him why. And he said very rapidly, as if he were reciting a lesson, "Oh, the great American soldier had a hatchet and cut down a tree, but he wouldn't lie about it, so we are all wearing American colors on his birthday to ask him to come and help Belgium."

Frank Hoyt Gailor.

POMM'S DAUGHTER.

BY CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The next morning Maryvonne, who breakfasted in Continental fashion in her bedroom off coffee and rolls—the fragrant beverage having been brewed by Mélanie herself over a spirit-lamp, for the thought of her *petit déjeuner* being prepared by Fanny appalled the good woman too much.

When Maryvonne entered the sitting-room she found no Pomm there!

After a hurried and somewhat halting colloquy with the maid, Fanny, who was in process of cleaning the fire-grate, she learned that *Monseer* Pommeret had gone out quite early.

Hastily donning a hat and jacket and leaving Mélanie to unpack and arrange their clothes in the cupboards and chests of drawers in the bedrooms, Maryvonne, following the indications given by Fanny, sped down the street in search of her recalcitrant guardian. She found him not far away, standing on the edge of the pavement in front of Baker Street Metropolitan Railway station, with his binoculars levelled at the name-boards of the passing omnibuses, of which great numbers were assembled there.

"It is most astonishing!" he remarked in his gentle, even voice to Maryvonne as soon as he saw her come towards him, "and I can't understand it at all! But will you believe me,

my dear, when I tell you that I have been standing here for the last three-quarters of an hour, occupied in trying to discern the ultimate destination of these multi-colored public conveyances, and I have not yet been able to discover the name of a single locality?"

"That's very strange!" said Maryvonne. "They seem to have plenty of information printed upon their sides, nevertheless."

"Yes, but they can hardly be the names of places. If they are, they are strangely named regions indeed! On nearly all of them, there is a large sign-board on the top, bearing the name of *Our Boys*! Does that not seem a curious name for a locality?"

"If it *is* a locality, it must be a very important one. Look, there are several 'buses here—all with that name upon them!" remarked Maryvonne, somewhat bewildered.

"What makes me hesitate in accepting the name as a probable one, is that—strange to say—both the incoming and the outgoing vehicles seem to be bound there. Now look!" he cried, with more animation than was his wont. "Look! . . . there's a fat red one going to the left, with *Our Boys* written on it. And now look again. A nice pale green one is now going to the right with exactly the same sign-

board upon it! Now surely if *Our Boys* is really its destination, manifestly it cannot lie in two opposite directions! Can it?"

"Manifestly and emphatically no!" declared Maryvonne, laughing. "But look! There's a dark-brown one going to Rowland's Macassar Oil. Why, that's even a funnier place!"

"I can't understand it," declared Pomm. "It is most bewildering. I should like to find an omnibus that would take me to Kensington. But I cannot discover the one I ought to take. I think that I shall ask a policeman."

"Policeman!" echoed Maryvonne. "What is that?"

"My dear," replied Pomm, turning gravely towards her. "You distress me. I thought you knew the English language and the town of London well. You seem to know even less about them than I do." And Pomm chuckled with unholy delight at the girl's discomfiture.

"I find that I've forgotten almost every word of practical English that I ever knew since you forced me to study the language in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, dear father Pomm," she answered. "And as for London, I was about five when I left it, and remember nothing at all about it! Now explain what *policeman* means!"

Pomm proceeded to explain, and pointed out to her the solemn and reliable official in black cloth with a sugar-loaf hat and silver buttons.

Maryvonne threw a hurried but respectful glance at the impassive figure.

"No, dear *père* Pomm. You must be mistaken! It is evident from his *chic* attitude and style that the gentleman you are pointing at is an officer in some smart regiment! Why! he's quite the most beautiful and imposing figure I have yet seen in London!"

"Well! I'm going to ask him how

to get to Kensington, for all his magnificence," said Pomm. And to Maryvonne's amazement Pomm, hat in hand, and with much deference, addressed the effective functionary.

"*Pardon, Monsieur!*" he said gently—in French, of course—"Could you direct me to Kensington?" He pronounced the word "Kensington" so very distinctly that it would have been impossible not to understand what he was asking.

"Bus across the park, Seu. . . ." replied the policeman imperturbably. Having delivered this precise information, he closed his mouth with a snap.

But neither Pomm nor Maryvonne had understood a single syllable. In spite of their deep knowledge of English literature and English in print, they were powerless to cope with the uttered sentences. But Pomm, most anxious to learn, drew from his pocket a small Franco-English dictionary that henceforth was to be the faithful and inseparable pocket-companion of his French Dictionary, his binoculars and his magnifying glasses, and began turning over its pages in feverish haste, with all the swift deftness of the practised student of a lexicon. Then he composed and finally wrote out in pencil, an elaborate sentence which he handed to the policeman. His English was largely gathered from the works of standard authors and he knew the language of Shakespeare far better than modern jargon. So the sentence he handed to the officer of the law was thus indited:

"I pray thee, Sir, to direct me to a locality called *Kensington*." And he had added in his clear, scholarly handwriting: "Write your directions, if you please. I cannot understand spoken English."

The policeman laughed immoderately in a good-natured way, and complying with Pomm's request wrote down in

the old, well-worn notebook all the necessary information.

So, in accordance with his instructions, Pomm and Maryvonne took one of the many omnibuses which bore the title of *Our Boys* and ultimately found themselves in Kensington.

Here they wandered about for the greater part of the day in search of a street called *Oxford Road*. They made inquiries of every policeman they met, and though they were able to make themselves perfectly well understood—they spent the best part of the day in fruitless effort. At Post Offices, in the larger shops, everywhere they asked for information concerning *Oxford Road*, but no one seemed ever to have heard of a street of that name in the vicinity.

For many succeeding days they took the same omnibus to Kensington and made endless inquiries for *Oxford Road*, but without avail. After several days' fruitless search, they were told by an old resident that *Oxford Road* no longer existed in the locality. The name had been changed. But no one could tell them the present name of the road and—for the moment—they were forced to abandon their quest.

CHAPTER XXV.

One day Pomm, wandering about in the vicinity of Marylebone Road, came suddenly upon a large second-hand bookshop. His delight at his discovery knew no bounds! Here he had been for three weeks in this bewildering and suggestive town of London and yet so far he had never come upon a second-hand bookstall!

It is true that he had so far amused himself with going to see all the sights, viewing all the buildings, making regular jaunts with Maryvonne and Mélanie to Richmond, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, and such outside places of interest, not to mention the delights he was contin-

ually finding in the studying of the strange British people. But so far he had not once been able to devote himself to his favorite pastime—which was to *douquiner*. It was strange, he thought, that there should be such fine wide embankments along the river Thames and yet no old-bookstalls there! But so it was. That was evidently one of the strange faults of the excellent English nation. And nothing could be done to alter it. But here now was his chance! What luck to have found this nice large shop! And so near to his lodgings too! It is true that it was a far more imposing establishment than his dear bookstalls along the Seine. The spruce shopkeeper would certainly insist upon his buying a certain number of volumes each time he entered the shop. It was evident that none of that delightful desultory reading, as one stood up against the counter, would be permitted in so solemn an edifice, neither would he be allowed to dip into thirty or forty volumes without buying anything, as he was in the habit of doing in Paris along the quays or, at the Odéon galleries. English people were much more business-like and much more severe! Indeed this shop, which was only a second-hand emporium after all, was as dignified and as respectable in all its appointments as if it were a State building! But whatever it was, and in spite of its many restrictions, it was a great find and a rare delight in the vast desert of so unintellectual a city as this!

It was a lucky chance too, for there might be wonderful bargains to be picked up here among French books that would have passed unperceived under the very noses of some unseasoned French scholar. Just as in Paris you can sometimes pick up such rare bargains in English books, so you might enjoy such bargains here in the

French language! For a few half-pence one might secure a real treasure! So, heedless of the fact that Mélanie had sent him out with a long list of French edibles procurable only in the French quarter, which was a long way from Marylebone Road, Pomm settled down with serene joy in the old bookshop and prepared himself for the long forbidden joys of the bookworm.

Placing his hook-handled umbrella carefully on his wrist so that he should not lose it, and deliberately unwrapping his woollen comforter from around his throat so that he should not feel the cold too keenly upon his departure, squeezing it in an untidy bundle into the deep pocket of his coat, he settled himself down to a thorough investigation of all the books the shop contained. As he was in possession of all the "tricks of the trade" this process with him did not take long. In less than half an hour he had scanned the titles of most of the volumes that lined the walls of the shop. Then systematically he set to work to study those volumes which appealed to him the most. It was eleven o'clock in the morning when he had read the title of the first volume. It was nearly two o'clock when he next looked up from the counter where he had spread the few volumes that required his better attention.

"You've got a few good things here," he informed the sturdy shopman who had watched him throughout the process, "but you've got a lot of rubbish too."

And then he buried his long curious nose into some fresh volumes and remained there in silence till three o'clock.

The stolid shopman thought it was now time to interfere.

"This is a bookshop, not a reading-room, Sir," he said.

"What do you say, my friend?" in-

quired Pomm blandly, looking up at the man with the vacant expression of a person still deep in the subject he is reading.

"It is three o'clock, Sir," said the man, "and you have been here since eleven this morning."

"What!" . . . cried Pomm, thoroughly amazed. "What?"

He pulled out his watch and looked at the time, speechless! Then he rose and a folded paper from his waistcoat pocket fell to the ground. It was the list of delicacies which Mélanie had given him to fetch in Leicester Square!

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" sighed Pomm, looking at the shopkeeper in dismay. "What will they think has happened to me?"

Of course the man could not answer his question and stared at him in silence. Pomm showed the books on the counter with a sweeping gesture. There were some thirty volumes in all.

"Will you send me these to 149 Upper Baker Street, if you please, and let me know what I owe you."

The man made out a bill and took Pomm's address. The total price of the books he had bought was four pounds, seventeen shillings and five-pence.

Pomm sighed, paid the money, thrust on his old battered hat, twisted his crumpled comforter around his throat, and with Mélanie's list in his hand and his umbrella on his arm dejectedly left the shop.

At 149 Upper Baker Street he found Maryvonne and Mélanie anxiously peering through the window panes evidently awaiting his appearance. When she caught sight of him Maryvonne flew down to the hall door. In violent excitement she questioned him.

"What has happened? Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

Pomm had expected all these de-

mands but nevertheless found himself at a loss to know which to answer. In reality he went in great fear of his adopted daughter. Mélanie had now joined the group in the narrow passage and added her reproaches to Maryvonne's inquiries.

"*Vraiment, Monsieur, cela ne se fait pas!* We have been terribly anxious! *A quoi pensiez-vous donc?*" Mélanie spoke with all the familiarity of a motherly creature who considers that she has rights over those she tends.

Beneath this avalanche of questions Pomm remained silent. He could find no word of excuse. He realized only too well the enormity of his offence. Besides, so many questions bewildered the poor man, and his tongue could frame no words of reply. He gazed at both women apologetically, turning from one to the other, imploring his pardon with a suppliant expression that would have been comical had it not been so touching.

"I am so very sorry that you should have been so anxious about me, my dear," at last he said gently to Maryvonne, "but" . . .

Mélanie interrupted him:

"And where are my *nouvelles*, and my *purée de tomates?*"

"Alas! my good Mélanie," replied Pomm. "I am afraid that I have not brought them."

"Then what have you been doing, dear *père Pomm*, and where have you been all this time if you have not even been able to get Mélanie's things?"

Maryvonne had been truly in great suspense and agitation.

"I have been nowhere near the French quarter."

"Nowhere near the French quarter!" she repeated. "Then what has happened to you since eleven o'clock this morning?" She glanced up at the hall clock as she spoke. It marked exactly a quarter to four!

"Nothing has happened to me" declared Pomm gently, "except that I have discovered *such* a bookshop!"

He spoke the words with such conviction, and with so intense an intonation, that the whole truth flashed at once across Maryvonne's mind. She looked at him for a moment in amazement, and then sitting down upon the lower stair with her feet upon the small rug that lay stretched below it she gave way to the most unrestrained laughter.

"So nothing has happened to you! Only the discovery of a bookshop! Dear *père Pomm*, you are indeed incorrigible! So you have been sitting at the counter reading and dipping into numerous volumes of interest for the last six consecutive hours while Mélanie and I have been eating our hearts out with anxiety and terror!"

"We thought you were killed . . . run over," insisted Mélanie reproachfully. "We were thinking of going to ask the police to find you. We were brokenhearted, miserable! And all the time you were close by here comfortably installed in devouring your silly old books! It's too bad . . . too bad . . . Monsieur. Indeed it is!"

The good woman was beside herself with temper.

"My good Mélanie, you must forgive me. I had quite lost all sense of time, I assure you. I was so happy to find that shop. I thought that I was in heaven!"

The good man was beaming as he spoke of his dear shop. There was no use in trying to make him understand the enormity of his offence. Suddenly Maryvonne thrust her arm through his and patting Mélanie on the arm with a comforting gesture said:

"Well, it's all right now. Let us go upstairs and get something to eat! We have none of us eaten any luncheon to-day. We are all famished. Come along."

So they went upstairs and Mélanie cooked them an omelette with their five o'clock tea, and Pomm, now quite forgiven, expatiated upon the delights of his newly found treasure.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The following day Pomm asked Maryvonne if she would not like to visit his beloved bookshop. At first she replied thoughtlessly that she did not care to see it, but his crestfallen glance quickly made her change her mind and she replied that she would like to see it very much. For prolonged observation of her old guardian had gradually taught her to understand him well. She knew that he never insisted when he desired anything. He was so used to enjoying his small pleasures alone that he rarely asked to share any of his delights with anyone, and when opposed or rebuked he never ventured to resist or to retaliate. She dressed herself rapidly and the two started out together to indulge in an hour's investigation of the amassed treasures of the shop.

"Of course I did not have the time to look at everything thoroughly yesterday," confided Pomm to Maryvonne.

The girl laughed but made no remark, and he resumed:

"But I put a great number of volumes aside at the back of the shop to look at later. I think that to-day I will go more carefully through those. There are some interesting volumes that would repay my labor, I am sure."

The old fellow was quite eager and delighted as he jogged along by the side of his ward, his soft felt hat knocked out of all decent shape, pulled down over his eyes, his large fat umbrella hanging by its crook handle on to his wrist, his sagging old coat flopping around his shins in the high breeze. He went along at a brisk pace

—so brisk indeed were his short hopping steps that the girl, in spite of her youthful alacrity, could hardly keep up with him. Meanwhile Pomm was enumerating the particular treasures he expected to find.

"I saw there yesterday—but did not pay much attention to it at the time—a good old specimen of Boileau's complete works. It was the second volume of a set of three in the binding of the time. As the bookseller does not know French very well he may possibly have separated it from the two other volumes, or of course he may not have the other volumes at all. But I incline to think that he has the complete set, even though the three volumes may be at different ends of the shop. However, I hope to find them all to-day."

Maryvonne, too, was breathless and eager now, for the old man had succeeded in communicating his own enthusiasm to her. Indeed many passers-by—of the stolid Saxon kind that rarely evince any interest in other people—could not refrain from turning round to look at the oddly assorted couple as they almost ran down the Marylebone Road.

The quick motion of walking had brought a pink tinge to Maryvonne's usually pale cheeks and some of the shorter strands of her black hair had become unloosened and clustered around her brow in picturesque disorder. Yet she was so perfectly, so daintily dressed in her neat coat and skirt of black frieze adorned with a light design of fine soutache and her wide-brimmed hat suited her so becomingly, that her very disorder was lovely and picturesque. Maryvonne possessed the instinct of wearing exactly the right raiment and of wearing it as it should be worn. She was always simply but appropriately dressed and never allowed her garments to be anything else but a frame for her

own striking yet distinguished beauty.

When they arrived at the shop, old Pomm could not repress a grimace of dismay at seeing another bookworm sitting in the precise chair which he himself had occupied the day before near the counter. The man's back was turned towards them as they entered, but as Pomm closed the door he turned round towards them and showed a dark swarthy countenance with snow-white beard, black hair flecked with white strands, and sombre, mournful eyes which contrasted strangely with the silver sheen of the thick beard. He had removed his wide-brimmed felt hat and laid it upon the counter beside him. Maryvonne, who could never resist the spontaneous attraction of beauty, could not help calling Pomm's attention to the splendid proportions of the old man's fine head and the beautiful modelling of his brows.

"You have a formidable rival here now, you see!" she remarked laughingly to Pomm. "You'd better look sharp after your Bolleau volumes. But he's a fine specimen to look at anyway!"

"Hush!" said Pomm warningly. "Perhaps he may understand French. He might even *be* French with such a type," he added speculatively as he examined the old stranger through his eternal binoculars from a safe vantage-point at the other end of the shop. "That class of head has nothing Anglo-Saxon about it at all!"

The old man, who was intent upon his reading, suddenly looked up at the two speakers as if protesting against their disturbance. But he made no remark and bent himself once more over his book.

Pomm now set to work at his search for the set of Bolleau's works. He enjoined Maryvonne to help him and they each took a side of the shop as the field of their exploitation.

Meanwhile the old stranger seated at the counter proceeded with his reading. He picked up one book after another and began reading them carefully for a time. Then he set down one volume to replace it by another, which he devoured as rapidly as the one before. The shopman had taken up his seat near the back of the shop, and was making up his accounts at his desk. For more than half an hour complete silence fell upon the occupants of the shop, and as no outsider entered to spoil the peace of their domain the three bookworms made their researches in hushed and undisturbed fervor.

Suddenly Maryvonne's high-pitched voice rang out, a joyful and elated success dominating its tone.

"*Père Pomm*, I've found it! I've found it!"

"What have you found?" asked Pomm, starting up from his long examination of confusing titles.

"The third volume of the *Bolleau*!" she replied gleefully. "Look," and she held it up and waved it triumphantly. "Now we've only got the first volume to find and we shall have the entire set. What fun! Look," she said, crossing over to where Pomm stood on the other side of the shop, "look, isn't it in good condition?"

Pomm took the volume into reverent hands, caressed it lovingly and praised it with the commendatory homage of one who appreciates rare bindings while eulogizing good literature.

"It is truly a rare find," he said. "It is a very precious edition of the best production of the time. It must have come from the library of some one who knew the science of rare books. I do hope that we shall be fortunate enough to discover the first volume. It ought to be here." But he sighed deeply, notwithstanding his words, thus revealing his fears.

"I'd give anything to find it for you,

dear *père Pomm*," said Maryvonne gently.

The old stranger, who was evidently making a search of his own among the loose volumes that were flung over the counter, raised his head and looked intently at the girl as she spoke. However, he said nothing, and presumably paying not the slightest attention to the other occupants of the shop resumed his investigations. But he had been somewhat confused by her eager cry. Disturbed out of his taciturn silence he had even smiled at her enthusiasm when she had flown across the floor to show the dull red binding to her old friend. About ten minutes later, happening upon a volume of the same size and color, he started, and picking it up from the counter began examining it. He turned to the title page so as to assure himself that he was not making a mistake, and rising carried the volume across the shop to Maryvonne.

"I think, *Mademoiselle*," he said in excellent French, "that this is the first volume of the work in which you are interested."

And with a courtly bow he laid the book down beside her and went back to his seat.

Maryvonne was at first so astonished that she could find no words. She seized the precious volume and glancing at it at once recognized it to be the missing volume.

"Oh! *Monsieur*!" she cried in spontaneous gratitude. "How can I thank you enough? My father is so keen upon that particular edition. Are you sure that you do not want that volume yourself?"

"Since you possess the two other volumes already, I am quite sure that I do not want the third odd one," he said smiling. "As an old book lover I admit that I wish I had found the first part of the work before you did! But now that you have the other vol-

umes of the set I am charmed to have found this one for you to complete it! It is indeed lucky that it turned up. You might have sought for it in vain for many days."

Maryvonne was so confused that she could think of no word to say. She stood looking at the old man, her beautiful face suffused with bright color and her large eyes looking straight at him with gratitude, but strange to say it was Pomm who came to her rescue. He left his coign of vantage and came slowly towards the old man with his short hopping steps.

"I thank you, Sir," he said in his slow courteous French. "If you have the soul of the true collector you will understand how delighted I am to secure this treasure." And he took the volume from Maryvonne's hand and contemplated its binding with great delight.

"*C'est bien! . . . C'est bien!*" . . . said the stranger with a gesture that seemed to signify that the incident was of no importance whatever and was now closed.

And reserved and taciturn as ever he resumed his reading.

As Pomm and Maryvonne now possessed the complete work they wanted they paid for their purchase, and saluting the old man in silence they soon left the shop.

Two days later Pomm declared that he was returning to the old bookshop to inquire whether a new consignment of volumes that had been expected there had arrived. And how was Maryvonne to prevent him going if he had made up his mind to go? For gentle as the old man was he was one of the most stubborn old creatures ever known. His very gentleness made his resolves the more difficult to overcome. So in spite of the fact that they had made previous arrangements to go for a whole day to Hampton Court, Maryvonne was obliged to.

forego the pleasure of the outing in favor of Pomm's ingrained passion for book-hunting.

He started about half-past ten in the morning, telling her to join him later, and they agreed to walk back together for the one o'clock lunch which would await them.

Accordingly, Pomm hopped along the Marylebone Road with amazing rapidity, and by the time Maryvonne joined him an hour later he had already selected some twenty volumes which he had placed on a chair by his side to re-examine more carefully later. He had found the new lot of volumes that came from a famous provincial collection and was contented in his quest when his ward came to fetch him.

In the centre of the shop seated by the counter, also in eager pursuance of his hobby, was the old stranger whom they had met a few days before. The two old men, except for a lifted sweep of their two old battered felt hats as they had met upon the threshold of the shop, had not exchanged a single civility, and each entirely oblivious of the other's presence was pursuing his inquiries in absolute silence.

The old stranger had also drawn a chair close to his own and was depositing one by one upon it volumes that required a second more careful examination. When Maryvonne entered the shop he had left his seat and was making a fresh examination of the books upon the counter, as if seeking particularly for a missing tome.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur!*" murmured Maryvonne as she saw the old man. In spite of her modernism, her independence, and the natural irreverence which Pomm had neglected to suppress in her, there was something so respect-compelling about the old man that even Maryvonne's exuberance was

somewhat quelled. She stood in some confusion before the old man, who, not having heard her greeting, so intent was he in his search, had therefore not answered her. She repeated her salutation, and he replied as if perfunctorily "*Bonjour, mon enfant.*" And taking no further notice of her resumed his occupation.

"Are you looking for anything special?" she inquired noticing his anxiety.

"Yes," he replied looking up, "I find myself in the same predicament as *Monsieur votre père* the other day. I cannot find the second volume of an Italian History that I am anxious to secure. It is complete in two volumes but I have only the first, so far."

Old Pomm was silent in his corner at the far end of the shop. He had smiled to Maryvonne when she entered and had gone on with his work, saying nothing. She crossed the room to where he was and, bending down over the chair near him which was already loaded with books, she began examining them one by one, unperceived by Pomm, who was deeply engaged in reading.

"Will you show me the volume you have already," said Maryvonne to the old stranger. "I may be able to help you with your search for the other volume. They seem to make a point in this shop of separating the volumes of French and Italian works!"

The old man held up the volume in question. Its dull yellow binding was most distinctive. Maryvonne nodded, indicating that she would recognize the binding and began her search among the books that Pomm had put aside in total ignorance of the fact that her guardian had already made a selection of the volumes on the chair. Two minutes later she raised her voice in joyous cry.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "Here it is!" And victoriously she sprang

across the shop towards the stranger with the dull yellow bound volume in her hand.

"Here, stop, Maryvonne!" cried Pomm in distress. "What are you doing? I had already looked through these books and put them by on that chair for further examination. You must not touch them." And he laid his hand on her arm and took the volume from her unresisting grasp.

Dismay fell over her features and a similar disappointment seemed to strike the old stranger also.

"But, *père Pomm!*" urged Maryvonne after a few moments' breathless silence, "it is only a second volume—that is to say, an incomplete work—and this gentleman has already secured the first. You might let him have it! He has been looking for it all the morning," she added in an afterthought, as if to urge him the more.

Pomm looked very vexed. He was totally unused to hiding his feelings and had at times very bad manners that came from his solitary ways.

"I particularly wanted that work," he declared rather sullenly. He resented having to consider anyone else's claim to a book he wanted himself.

"I really must have it," he repeated. And he clung tenaciously to the single volume which he had taken from Maryvonne.

"But did you not hear Monsieur tell me he was looking for that particular work? And did you not hear me say I would help him to find it?"

"No!" said Pomm rudely. "I heard you were speaking, but I did not listen to your conversation."

"Let him have it, *père chéri,*" begged Maryvonne with quaint wistfulness. "I am sure he wants it very much more than you do!"

"You are very annoying, Maryvonne! I shall do nothing of the kind!"

It was very rarely that Pomm gave way to temper. When he did he looked for all the world like a very angry old sheep!

The old stranger said nothing. He was watching the bout between the father and daughter, and though he looked stern he was inwardly amused at the girl's attitude. Maryvonne drew nearer to Pomm.

"Dear *père Pomm,* don't be vexed with me, but I should be so very, very happy if you would let this gentleman have the volume. Do you forget that it was he who found your first volume of the Boileau the other day? You might be as kind in your turn to him as he was kind to you!"

Pomm was vanquished, but though his bad temper was dispersed he was still resentful. He held out the volume to the old stranger with a crest-fallen air.

"*Voici, votre livre, Monsieur,*" he said resignedly. And the old man coming forward clasped the coveted volume. Then he took up his old battered hat and tucking the two volumes of the Italian History under his arm pulled out his purse to pay for them. Before departing he stood before Maryvonne with bared head.

"I thank you, Mademoiselle. Although *Monsieur votre père* has been kind and generous enough to abandon his claim, it is to your gracious intercession that I owe the possession of this work I was so eager to secure. Permit an old man to thank you, my dear." And benevolently and very sweetly he smiled upon the young girl. Then taking her hand, which fell limply at her side, he raised it to his lips and kissed her slim wrist with deferential homage.

"If my own daughter were with me now, my child, she would have been about your age and would have had eyes and hair like yours. I hope, too, that she would have had as kindly a

heart. I thank you again." Then turning to Pomm:

"*Monsieur*," he murmured with a bow.

And turning again towards Maryvonne:

"*Mademoiselle*" . . . he murmured, and departed from the shop.

Soon Pomm and Maryvonne gathered up Pomm's new purchases and returned homewards. As Pomm was fumbling about in his usual awkward manner before leaving, Maryvonne, prompted by an inexplicable curiosity, turned to the shopman and asked:

"Do you know that old gentleman well here?"

"No, not well, Miss. He comes here often for books. But he never speaks to any of us."

"Do you know who he is?"

"Well, I don't know his name, Miss. But one day a customer of ours seeing him here in the shop told us that he was a famous Italian Socialist writer. It appears that he has had a strange history and has spent many years of his life in prison. That's all I know, Miss."

"An Italian Socialist writer!" echoed Pomm. "I wonder who he can be! Do you know what sort of things he writes and in what papers?" he

asked of the pleasant-faced shopman.

"No, I don't, sir. I can only tell you that he is the centre of a very great movement in Italy. I know nothing of what he has done. It was only a casual customer who spoke to me about him at all!"

Inexplicably interested in the old stranger Pomm and Maryvonne, who could not have explained the reason of their sudden interest, left the shop hurriedly, hoping perhaps, though vainly, to catch some sight of him. But he was out of sight. . . .

Meanwhile the old stranger walked slowly back to the spot from whence the omnibuses started near to Baker Street Station. He progressed with some difficulty, for he had a lame leg which seemed to give him much trouble. He looked a remarkable and weird picture as he walked with his long white beard flowing over his neat waistcoat, the wind lifting the long silky strands in places, revealing the voluminous black silk tie with long ends beneath. His wide felt hat shaded his strong beetling brows, and from beneath its brim, locks of black curls largely flecked with white were apparent. And in all his bearing one could see a man of strong character and leading thought.

(To be continued.)

THE OPENING OF THE WATER-GATES.

The very fortunately situated people of this country, whose ships are as free in war-time as in peace—save for a few small and slow steamers which are unable to escape from the submarine pirate—are naturally quite unable to appreciate the severe suffering caused by the strangling grip of the closest conceivable blockade. Yet this is what our Russian ally has been experiencing since the only access to the open sea

from her southern ports was cut off by the closing of the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the defences of which—until the present operations of the Allied fleets—have been hitherto considered to be too formidable for any warships to force. That dictum of the naval and military experts, however, no longer holding good, it becomes of interest to note what will be the economic effect of raising this

most stringent of blockades—first upon our Russian friends, then upon ourselves; and afterwards to glance briefly at what the political and military consequences of the capture of Constantinople and her northern and southern “water-gates” will be.

For months past the closing of these Straits has been bringing misery to millions not only in southern Russia, but in Rumania as well, because of the enormous amount of agricultural and other produce of the Russian Empire (and to a lesser extent of the Rumanian kingdom) which has been held up as effectively as if the Black Sea had suddenly run dry. One of these commodities—corn—if available, would amply suffice to bring down the price of bread in these islands with a run. A Russian well posted in the figures of his country's export trade stated recently that at least thirty-three million quarters of wheat alone, besides very large surplus stores of barley, oats, and rye, with a large amount of beet sugar, are now available for export to this country. Much of the wheat, too, is of the finest dry quality, which will stand changes of climate and a long sea journey better than any other. The Russian wheat-crop of 1913 was an enormous one; and even that of last year, though smaller, left a good margin for the foreign markets. But, as Russia badly needed to transform this potential wealth into gold, it was suggested by financial experts that the corn might be transported *via* Vladivostok or Archangel. That looked very feasible on paper, but in practice proved quite unworkable; for though freights were as high as seventy-five shillings per ton for wheat from the Argentine, and only forty-five to fifty shillings from Vladivostok (which is now kept open in winter by ice-breakers), yet when two cargoes of Manchurian wheat, which is much drier than Siberian

wheat, did reach this country, they arrived in such a condition that it was impossible to make flour from the wheat, because, owing to the intense frost which prevailed while it was lying waiting shipment, it contained nearly 20 per cent of moisture, and on passing through the tropics and the Suez Canal it became so heated that it was rendered unfit for human food. True, Archangel is but seven days by sea from Britain; but the limited facilities of that port are now required almost exclusively by the Russian Government for the import of war materials and stores, and are not adapted for handling large quantities of bulky cargoes continuously. The fact is that grain export from any of the northern ports is both difficult and expensive, they being farthest from the great grain-growing districts, whilst the route from the Black Sea *via* the Danube and Galatz is not a suitable one either. So far, therefore, as this country and the present season are concerned, the only key to the deadlock lay in the possibility of forcing the Straits; all the more so, too, because unscrupulous American operators have been manipulating the wheat market for the last three months. As to this, however, H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* (thanks to her fifteen-inch guns) proved the biggest bear in the American “wheat pit” that ever appeared in “the ring.”

But, turning from wheat to consider Russia as one of the principal sources from which we derive our oil for lighting, for heating, for fuel, for motor-cars, and that in the near future we shall have to look to that country for a portion of the enormous amount of oil-fuel we shall require now that we are adding oil-driven battleships and battle-cruisers to our other numerous warships propelled by it, it is imperative that the Russian surplus and that of Rumania should be made available.

During the past nine months the oil-wells of Russia and Rumania have continued to produce oil wherever it was possible to procure labor, because the closing down of a producing-well is a very expensive, and often even a disastrous measure, for, unless oil is pumped continuously, water (perhaps very deep down) may percolate through into the well and flood it past remedy. But a few figures will best give an idea of what the stoppage of Russia's exports has done for our oil-supply. The output of oil from the Russian oil-wells is about eight million tons per annum. Of this a considerable quantity, after it is refined, goes into the interior of the country, the rest being exported. In 1913 the total quantity of different oil products amounted to about five million tons; but in 1914, owing to the war, it was less than three and three-quarter million tons. Now, unfortunately, because the Dardanelles and Bosphorus were closed, the stocks have accumulated to the extent of one and a half million tons up to the end of 1914, whilst there is all this year's accumulations to add to that great total. Probably, therefore, more than two million tons of oil products are now awaiting the chance of being shipped away. Further, some of the newer fields are increasing their production so rapidly that the storage accommodation available is insufficient.

The year before last Great Britain obtained from Russia about thirty-seven million gallons of different kinds of oil, about a third of it being petrol; but owing to the closing of the Straits last year only about twenty millions reached this country, whilst not a single gallon has arrived during the present year. But the plight of Rumania is still worse, for she has not her powerful neighbor's resources; and, with all her grain surplus left on her hands, her oil industry, which is assisted by

her Government, and which had, after years of effort, become a lucrative trade, is now in serious jeopardy, solely because Turkey, while still at peace, and quite contrary to the conditions of the Treaty of Berlin (1878), suddenly closed the Straits. But though this serious state of affairs has attracted little notice at home up to the present, the "enterprise" of attempting to capture Constantinople after destroying the defences of the Dardanelles, and to force the Bosphorus Straits in order to open a passage into the Black Sea, has aroused the greatest interest, none the less apparently that so few people understand the situation at the Moslem capital any better than they do the Russian and Rumanian one.

To commence with, Constantinople is no more a city than are its better-class Moslem inhabitants Turks, they being really Osmanli. There are three distinct cities that go to form what we call Constantinople — Stamboul and Galata (with Pera) on the European shore, and Scutari on the Asiatic, the first two being separated from each other by the waters of the Golden Horn, and both divided from Scutari by the Straits of the Bosphorus. Then, again, the inhabitants of these three cities are not even mostly of one nation, but practically of four; for, although the population of the Ottoman capital is estimated to exceed rather more than a million, there are scarcely more than four hundred thousand Moslems in it, as against about a quarter of a million Armenians and about one hundred and fifty thousand Europeans and other foreigners; whilst before the last war between Greece and her allies and Turkey there were also at least two hundred thousand Greeks, but their numbers have considerably decreased since then. Besides these, there are some fifty thousand Jews and a small number of Bulgarians.

Constantinople is generally considered to be a most unhealthy place, the haunt of Asiatic cholera and the lurking-place of the plague, but as a matter of fact it is healthy enough; only, as it is, like Shanghai, subject to great and sudden changes of temperature, caution is needful in order to avoid chills. The fanaticism, too, of its poorer Moslem inhabitants, when roused, is not pleasant; but this is so in many of the Asiatic cities.

The beauty of this part of the world is undeniable, even when seen from the deck of a passenger-steamer. Stamboul always brings to one's mind some of Turner's gorgeous pictures; that is to say, it would have done so before the horrors of war enveloped the Dardanelles and its black shadow was thrown over the Moslem capital, marring the beauty of its scenery, its rich coloring, its wonderful architecture, and the priceless relics of its past. For from Seraglio Point almost to the Seven Sisters Towers, where before only a beautiful panorama of terraced roofs, domes and minarets, and groves appeared, there now stand out from solidly constructed batteries and huge earthworks the long muzzles of heavy German guns, before which the Teutonic sentinels pace to and fro; whilst the picturesque scenery, the white mansions, and dark-green cypress groves of Scutari have been scarred and disfigured by the erection of strong defensive works. In the suburbs of Pera the summit of the ridge above Galata is dotted with the palaces of the Ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Austria, and Russia, and the consulates of the smaller European States. But all the Embassies are now deserted except the Austrian one—which, however, the ladies have all left; the German Embassy, from which also all the ladies and children have been sent away, has been practically converted into a fortress. At Galata

—which is as open at all times to attack by warships as to destruction by a fanatical mob—are the offices of the European merchants, for it lies close beside the harbor at the Golden Horn. The head-offices of the banks and the shipping companies are there also, though more than half of them are now deserted, the subjects of the Allied Powers, like the specie from the banks, having "gone elsewhere for safety." The British Consulate, with its court and prison, like the Seamen's Hospital and Sailors' Home, has, it is said, been commandeered by the Government. At Top Khana (the Gun Factory), which is a continuation of Galata, is the Arsenal, which occupies a wide terrace on the shore of the Bosphorus; here, too, there is a gun-foundry, with workshops and modern plant, where gun-carriages and small arms are turned out. The Artillery Barracks are close by; the dockyard, the naval arsenal, and the Admiralty are on the shore of the Golden Horn (the creek, by the way, with its curious branches, when shown on a large-scale plan, somewhat suggesting a stag's antler); there is a dry dock capable of containing pre-Dreadnought battleships; and there are depôts for naval stores and a naval prison. But whether or not these draw the fire of the fleets of the Allies on their appearance or subsequently, the writer cannot help thinking that certain other buildings here, or, rather, in Galata—far less conspicuous certainly, and even partially concealed—where a semi-secret slave-trade in young Circassian girls is carried on, and where it is said that up till quite recently (even if now discontinued) a traffic was also carried on in Christian children, would be very suitable targets for the smaller guns of the Allied fleets if the buildings were only occupied by the slave-traders. The situation in the Moslem capital to-day, indeed, seems to recall that of another

great Oriental despotism which had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting;" for, despite the warning in letters of fire, where the flames of burning buildings, villages, and fortresses reddened the sky, the wealthy Osmanli inhabitants could not believe that the fall of the capital was impending, because they were told daily by their Government that the Allied fleets were driven off whenever they renewed the attack. So the cafés were filled, the theatres open as usual, and the questionable café chantants with their sly roulette-tables still crowded nightly. The capital's German masters, with their venal tools from the "Committee of Union and Progress," and their lady friends, continued to consume much champagne in the brilliantly lighted saloons, till suddenly the truth was revealed, and all realized the approach of a disaster final and irretrievable. Then panic reigned, the rich preparing for a hasty flight, the poor for an eventual armed outbreak. But here the situation in the doomed capital must be left, and the "afterwards"—that is, the effects of the capture of Constantinople—briefly considered.

From a military point of view the consequences of the success of the "enterprise," as the Prime Minister has called it, may be immense. The obligation imposed by the success of the Allied fleets to occupy certain portions of the enemy's territory in force will probably entail increased efforts on the part of this country both in men and material, but the result will more than repay the price. Also, it must not be forgotten that the British Empire is an Asiatic as well as a European one, and that the necessity for the maintenance of our prestige will prevent any chance of failure. The Allies may have finally to settle accounts with at least five Turkish army corps, either four or six cavalry brigades, and a con-

siderable body of irregulars (from these last the danger is negligible, except as to massacre); and there are German troops in and around the capital, who are said to equal a strong division in numbers, so that a quarter of a million regulars will have to be dealt with after the capture of Constantinople, together with the utter smashing of all the fortifications in both Straits and the clearing of the mine-fields. These regulars, having their backs almost literally to the wall, will fight well, and, after the Allied fleets have forced their way through, will most assuredly do their utmost to prevent their return. We shall therefore see the late Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby's advice (given in 1878) now taken, and the peninsula of Gallipoli occupied in strength after the Turkish forces are driven out of it. The mauling of H.M.S. *Amethyst* was an illustration of the danger of allowing these to remain. Besides, the passage of the supply-ships for the fleets must be protected.

Constantinople, too, if the terrible scenes that occurred at Alexandria after the bombardment are not to be repeated on a much greater scale in the Moslem capital, must be held in force; for even if no general massacre of Christians such as the Bashibazouks are now perpetrating elsewhere takes place, and the capital escapes punishment from the battleships' guns or the fury of an excited mob and the rascally Kurdish irregular "troops," a revolution, with street fighting, may occur later on. However, when the Bosphorus is held in force with the co-operation of our Eastern ally, a Turkish army threatening Constantinople will be cut off from all assistance from Asia, and, as Asiatic armies do, will sooner or later melt away. Moreover, the "afterwards" of the capture of Constantinople will cause great changes in the political situation.

Should the armies of Rumania, of Greece and Bulgaria, as well as Italy, join the Triple Entente Powers, they would bring about the total collapse of Austria, leave the vulnerable side of Germany open to attack, and so bulk largely as a factor in bringing about the beginning of the end.

Chambers's Journal.

W. F. Batten.

ALFRED NOYES.

There is a task which I am reserving for a leisured old age. It is the compilation of a new "Who's Who," dealing not, indeed, with such men as brewers and usurers, who are pretty well served by the existing annual, but rather with such men as musicians and poets, whose careers should, I feel, be outlined with some degree of imagination, and therefore of truth. For instance, did I not know Mr. Alfred Noyes, it would tell me very little that was important about him to read, as you may, in "Who's Who," that he was born in Staffordshire in 1880; that he was educated at Exeter College, Oxford; that his recreation is rowing; and so on. The true facts are, of course, that Mr. Noyes was born—I have not the remotest idea when; nor, probably, has the poet himself—in the Forest of Wild Thyme; he was educated in Old Japan—which you will not see on the map, but of which you may catch stray hints on old blue plates and such-like; his recreations are hunting with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest and sailing beyond the sunset in quest of El Dorado; and his postal address (though I fancy that it may soon be changed) is "Care of Oberon."

The cantankerous will argue that you cannot send messages to Fairyland through the Post Office; but they are quite wrong, and they evidently do not belong to that very great army of Mr. Noyes's readers which has grown up not only in England, but in America, where the poet has also acquired much fame, and received much honor, as a lecturer. For Mr. Noyes is one of

those happy men who have made the simple discovery that Fairyland is wide enough to embrace postmen, barrel-organs, East-End coffee-stalls, smelting-furnaces, and newspaper boys—yes, and wide enough, too, to include the wayside church and the stable of Bethlehem. It is probable that most people save some dim belief in Fairyland from the wreck, the disillusion of the years; but too often it is but a very dim belief indeed in a nebulous "Never Never Land" of the imagination. Mr. Noyes has retained, however, the full faith of childhood; the "shades of the prison-house" have not closed upon him, and heaven still lies about him in this dull, material world. The learned have sometimes contested—though, as his work advances, this criticism grows less and less true—that Mr. Noyes is not a "thoughtful" poet; that, while he has brought infinite originality to the presentation of old ideas, his work yields little evidence of any new reading of life, of any individual, constructive philosophy. And the reason is that, until recently at any rate, he has felt little need for such a philosophy. For him God is still obvious in all things; wonder whispers from every hedgerow, and cries out from the very stones of the city.

"The world is all a fairy tale—but oh, the tale is true!"

The Universe is not a chaos that needs explaining, but a delightful place in which to make one's self happy. For questionings and doubts he has no sort of use; of too much analysis,

whether intellectual or scientific, he is a little impatient.

"We have named the stars, and weighed the moon,
Counted our gains—and lost the boon,"

is the burden of much of his work. He does not care in the very least degree what the moon may weigh; it is enough for him that "the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas." For him the stars are still the lamps of heaven, "the lights of home." He has not yet forgotten that lesson of childhood: that if you would increase your kingdom, you must diminish yourself, and bow humbly to the earth. He can still dwarf himself till the wild thyme upon the rolling Sussex Downs, which are his home, towers above him like a gigantic forest; so that the grass becomes a jungle through which the creeping snail looms like a sort of crocodile sixty feet in length, and the beetle becomes a hippopotamus. He can still become a "midget-child," so tiny that he can "push back the soft petallic door"; enter "the splendid crimson porch" of the smallest of the flowers, and discover within its "carven walls," with their majestic cornices and coronals, all the hidden secrets of the world. For him God is still in His heaven; "the clouds proclaim their Charloter, the hills demand His higher throne." And when the day wears down to eventide, and the laborers turn homeward, is it not something more than the wind that whispers to a tired world?

"For they say 'tis but the sunset winds
that wander thro' the heather,
Rustle all the meadow grass and
bend the dewy fern;
They say 'tis but the winds that bow
the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire
along the shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the garden that He loveth,

They have veiled His lovely vesture
with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His garden, thro' His garden, it
is but the wind that moveth,
No more; but oh, the miracle, the
miracle is the same!

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay,
and loved with passion still,
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment
in the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er
the far green hill."

The poet has nothing in common with the wise men of this world who, with their plausible theories and pompous formulæ, would deny the miraculous and the supernatural, who would explain all the mysteries of heaven and earth on their eight fingers, and argue hell away on their two thumbs—though when the prodigal is ready to return from the husks of unbelief and revolt to his old faith, his home-coming could not be more tenderly celebrated than it is in "The Old Sceptic," with its haunting final stanzas:

"I will go back to my home and look
at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins
the kind old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out His arms in
the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches
broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying
the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see once more the
fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their
faces who hear as a blind man
hears—
Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will
give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep
old foolish tales,
And pray the simple prayers that I
learnt at my mother's knee,

Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro'
the breathless mountain vales,
And the sunset's evening hymn hal-
lows the listening sea."

Those "deep old foolish prayers"! Those "deep old foolish tales"! They are the essence of Mr. Noyes's poetry. It is a beautiful faith, and to its presentation the poet has brought a wonderful wealth of new music. No writer of our time has introduced so many interesting metrical experiments, or displayed such perfect technical skill. He is like a musician in deft command of a fully-equipped organ—which does not lack that stop of humor which has been wanting in the instruments upon which some of the greatest poets have played. There is rollicking fun, as well as fantasy, in "Forty Singing Seamen" and "The Tramp Transfigured"; and in the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" we can veritably hear the timbers of the old inn shake with laughter as Marlowe, Drayton, Dekker, Beaumont, Raleigh and the rest of that immortal fellowship tell their stories and sing their songs, whilst the voice of Bacon interposes now and then with its ponderous pedantry, only to be drowned by the gruff calls of Ben Jonson for Malmsey and Muscadel. Mr. Noyes's humor and his music, with its irresistible lilts and cadences, have, probably, done much to win for him what is in these times an astonishing popularity. Yet I believe that, in the first place, the reason for that popularity is to be sought in the poet's radiant and childlike optimism, his essential healthiness, his simple and spontaneous faith—qualities that have been so singularly lacking in much of the verse of recent years, which has tended more and more towards formlessness, violence, and the insane worship of the merely unconventional. The welcome extended to Mr. Noyes's work is evidence, surely, of the fact

that the normal reader does, after all, appreciate that natural beauty and gaiety and pathos, that straightforward manly vigor and sincerity, and that generous optimism which are characteristic alike of the poet as a writer and as a man. In passing, it may be recalled that Mr. R. C. Lehmann, while reviewing for *The Speaker*, was the first critic to appreciate fully the promise of Mr. Noyes's earliest book "The Loom of Years"; and it was he who introduced Mr. Noyes to the editor of *Blackwood*. The poet was at once given the hospitality of its pages, in which much of his work has since made its original appearance. In speaking of Mr. Noyes's well-deserved success, it would be ungracious to omit a tribute to the assistance rendered both by the famous *Punch* contributor and by Messrs. Blackwood, who have steadily piloted his books into the full flood of popularity.

But an easy optimism does not, of course, always imply a warm sympathy with one's fellow-kind. The optimist is liable sometimes to be a self-contained man; he is not greatly reliant upon the sympathy of others, and consequently he is less ready to extend his own sympathy to them. Warm, human sympathy, however, has always characterized the work of Mr. Noyes—though, as you go through the two large volumes of his *Collected Poems*, from "The Flower of Old Japan" with its snug nursery atmosphere, and "The Forest of Wild Thyme," which has been so delightfully illustrated by Mr. Claude Shepperson; through the full length epic on "Drake," the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," and the hundred odd lyrics on widely varied themes, you will see that his sympathy has not always been so highly developed as it has latterly become. In his earlier work, the poet's attitude towards the busy and the suffering multitude

somewhat resembles that of a boy who pitiles the "grown-ups," because they cannot or will not enter into his play. What a good time they are missing! He goes out, as it were, on to the Downs; the air is full of the morning; the wild thyme whispers its shy mysteries, and the foam-flecked sea, as it breaks at the foot of the cliffs, murmurs of Drake and the heroes of old romance. But from the distant town, with its dingy roofs, there comes that plume of smoke which tells of the unhappy crowds who might be enjoying themselves so much more fully if only they could leave their dull occupations and come out and search with him in the forest of thyme for the lost Peterkin, or join with him in a game of pirates! Why will they not come? At first, he thinks naturally in terms of Fairyland. What is wrong with the world is that the cow has got into the meadow, and the sheep into the corn; and so he bids Little Boy Blue sound another blast:

"Little Boy Blue, if the child heart knows,
Sound but a note as a little one may;
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away.
Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Ah, set the world right, as a little one may;
Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!"

Sound but a note! Alas, the note is sounded, but the fairy call is lost in the noise of the forging-hammer and the machine gun, and the smoke grows denser along the horizon of the Downs. And, while he does not-doubt the truth of his own vision, the poet wonders for a time if it can survive in a world where there are so few to share it; and, rather than lose the

vision, he would follow it beyond the gates of death:

"Thou'rt flown too soon! I stretch my hands out still,
O Light of Life, to Thee,
Who leav'st an Olivet in each far blue hill,
A sorrow on every sea.

It is too soon amid the cynic sneers,
The sophist smiles, the greedy mouths and hands,
Quite to forget the light of those dead years
And my lost mountain lands.

It is too soon for me to break that trust,

O Light of Light, flown far past sun and moon,

Burn back thro' this dark panoply of dust,

Or let me follow soon."

Hope returns, however; and with it there comes the deeper, fuller vision; the more vital human sympathy. His later poetry has become less and less purely romantic; less and less purely idealistic and pictorial than it is, for instance, in "The Mermaid Tavern" and "Drake"; and it has grown more and more interpretive. There has come into his work the realization that only by slow and patient degrees can the desert be made to blossom with the rose. And while the prophet must continually climb the mount of vision, and fill his soul with the distant, the perfect landscape of the future, he can only live worthily of that vision in so far as he not only describes it, but also applies it to the needs of the present; in so far as he not only realizes and hymns the things that are eternal, but interprets his own time in terms of them. Interpreted thus, the smoky town, so ugly in itself, assumes a beauty that would seem almost more perfect than perfection itself; and, as he moves among the puddling-furnaces and the slag heaps of the Black Country, the poet can sing of

". . . a majesty
 Beyond all majesties of earth and air;
 Beauty beyond all beauty, as of a child
 In rags, upraised thro' the still gold of
 heaven,
 With wasted arms and hungering eyes,
 to bring
 The armored seraphim down upon
 their knees
 And teach eternal God humility;
 The solemn beauty of the unfulfilled,
 Moving towards fulfilment on a height
 Beyond all heights; the dreadful
 beauty of hope;
 The naked wrestler, struggling from
 the rock
 Under the sculptor's chisel; the rough
 mass
 Of clay more glorious for the poor
 blind face
 And bosom that half emerge into the
 light,
 More glorious and august, even in
 defeat,
 Than that too cold dominion God fore-
 swore
 To bear this passionate universal load,
 This Calvary of Creation with man-
 kind."

A brief quotation from a long
 poem is, however, unjust. "Enceladus"
 should be read carefully in its en-
 tirety. It is full of an individual and
 rich interpretation of modern indus-
 trial life, and is one of the most beau-
 tiful, as it is one of the most prom-
 ising, of the author's works.

But perhaps the greatest promise for
 Mr. Noyes's future as the interpreter
 of the conditions and the aspirations
 of his own time is to be found in his
 poems dealing with the questions of
 war and peace. "The Wine-Press" is
 a book intensely vivid in its descrip-
 tions of the recent Balkan War; and
 not only does it contain also passages
 of restrained, yet heartbreaking, ten-
 derness, but it breathes a spirit of
 white-hot moral indignation, well tem-
 pered by reason, against the makers
 of war who prostitute the people's
 patriotism to their own ends. This
 same spirit animates the little play

"Rada," which deals with the sorrows
 of Belgium, and many of the author's
 shorter poems, such as the fantastic
 "Lucifer's Feast," "The Dawn of
 Peace," and the Prelude to "The Wine-
 Press," the last of which centres round
 that crowning tragedy of war—the
 blind, passionate belief of each people
 in the righteousness of its own cause
 and in its own claims to a monopoly
 of Divine aid. But it is not enough
 that the pacifist should have a moral
 indignation against war, though that
 is good; and Mr. Noyes has this
 greater qualification, which manifests
 itself in all that he has written on
 the subject: he realizes that Peace
 implies not the mere abstinence from
 war, but the substitution of new wars
 for old. Thus he addresses himself to
 "those who believe that Peace is the
 corrupter of nations":

"Peace? When have we prayed for
 peace?

Over us burns a star,
 Bright, beautiful, red for strife!
 Yours are only the drum and the life
 And the golden braid and the surface
 of life.

Ours is the white-hot war.

Peace? When have we prayed for
 peace?

Ours are the weapons of men.
 Time changes the face of the world.
 Your swords are rust! Your flags are
 furled,

And ours are the unseen legions hurled
 Up to the heights again.

Peace? When have we prayed for
 peace?

Is there no wrong to right,
 Wrong crying to God on high?
 Here where the weak and the helpless
 die,

And the homeless hordes of the City
 go by,

The ranks are rallied to-night."

Such is the spirit of that Peace which
 can alone destroy militarism and war,
 and lay the foundations of a saner

and a purer world. There may be "worse things than war"; but the real case against war is that it makes those worse things ten times worse; it ruthlessly puts back the clock of social progress; it calls a long truce in the more vital, the more necessary, the more holy warfare—the moral warfare that must centre around the crying evils within each nation's life. Sooner or later, the blind fury of Europe will have

The Bookman.

spent itself, and we shall have, slowly and patiently, to enter upon its reconstruction. As we peer into the future, and realize with increasing vividness the enormity of the task, we may well ask, with Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Well, the leaders will have to be many, and diverse must be their gifts; but, among the poets, I think there is none to whom one may look with more confidence than to Mr. Alfred Noyes.

Gilbert Thomas.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE,

I have not any great desire to discover the veritable patronymics of my friend, the old rabbit-skin man. Nobody can enlighten me. It is to be presumed he was not entered as Lapin (Peau de) on the books of the Foundlings' Hospital, at which a spin of the turntable—the undesirable baby's Wheel of Misfortune—delivered him, for he is an "Enfant Assisté." I leave him discreetly at "Monsieur Lapin," as he leaves me at "Monsieur l'Anglais." These are only more elaborate forms of X and Y.

Of course his acquaintances put no slight on him when they identify Peau de Lapin with his merchandise. It is the way of our Burgundy folk, a jovial way that has a lively suspicion of a wink and a nudge about it. A kind of amphibian for instance, oilskins up to the waist and fustians onwards, a merman masquerading as a nomad fishmonger, goes by the name of "Père Sardine." The muddy or dusty bicyclist, who breathlessly distributes a popular daily of the capital, is known for that reason as "Petit Parisien," and under the curtailed form of "Parisien," takes rank as the metropolitan of the newsvending hierarchy. On the same principle, our rabbit-skin man is called "Peau de

Lapin," "Lapin" for short, "Monsieur Lapin" for long, and no offence given or taken.

Peau de Lapin is a hirsute bundle of old clothes. He wears an ancient black wide-awake that time and the spite of heaven have reduced to a shapeless fragment of felt: the wreck of a velveteen jacket worn to the cord: and whitey drill trousers patched with faded blue jean or faded blue jean trousers patched with whitey drill,—it would be difficult to decide which. His shoes match each other only in their ruinous condition. And the rest of him is chiefly hair: snow at half-thaw, drifting tempestuously about his brown meagre old face, to which a long thin nose and a pair of small, still keen, black eyes give some suggestion of a bird unclassified by ornithologists. Peau de Lapin would be surprised to learn that he is a very picturesque feature of the countryside.

It would be rather on his tricycle than his appearance that he might wish to be complimented, for it is only your tiptop rabbit-skin man who runs to a tricycle. The machine is as ancient as himself, and that stamps it with the hall-mark of venerable antiquity, for nobody's father remembers

the day when Peau de Lapin was not old. The tricycle should be the handiwork of some primitive artificer in iron, maybe even of Tubal Cain himself. It is monstrous solid and clumsy, shrieks at all its bearings, and rattles at all its joints. It is its own alarm signal, warning you of its approach a quarter of a mile off. Peau de Lapin would do well to leave it in a ditch, and perform the last lap of his life's race afoot. But that would be derogatory to his dignity as a mounted rabbit-skin man—the only one, it is rumored, in the department. Besides, there is Sultan to be thought of.

With increasing years, for he too is an ancient of ancients, the indications of Sultan's breed and other canine characteristics have dwindled to blurred indistinct vestiges hard to interpret, and now he is the mere rough outline of a quadruped, large and shaggy. He is very white about the muzzle: he seems to have developed knees, and to be weak in them. He combines the functions of a beast of draught and a "chien de luxe." In the latter rôle he has certain ornamental accomplishments—begging is said to be one of them. But no one has ever seen him performing this trick, for when he is off duty as a beast of draught Sultan prefers to lie down rather than sit up. And it is not greatly to be wondered at.

Peau de Lapin knows the law against the harnessing of dogs, and breaks it with great circumspection. He rides as much as possible along the canal tow-path that is unfrequented of gendarmes. But he keeps a sharp look-out wherever the tow-path runs parallel to the highroad, and, if the blue-and-white uniform of the enemy appears, at a "Heel, Sultan!" the beast of draught drops behind the ramshackle tricycle and becomes a "chien de luxe"—on a string.

The tricycle will be the death of Peau de Lapin. But if he puts it down he must put down Sultan too, for a rabbit-skin man can afford no luxuries, especially in times of war. And sentiment comes into the case. He must break his back or break his heart. And he prefers the former.

I last saw Peau de Lapin many weeks ago, before this fierce snap of cold, which the snow hung up in the sky makes doubly bitter. The old man was tired and ill: thought he would hardly get through the winter. And indeed the chances are all against it. At a few of his places of call in the department they give him soup and candle and a warm shake-down, but at others "the straw in some sequestered grange" is the limit of the hospitality offered him, and more often than not he sleeps under a hedge.

"Peau de Lapin is dead, tu sais," the word will surely go round the auberge soon, this evening perhaps. "The gendarmes found him in a ditch, frozen to a board. And the dog stiff by him, old carcass of a Sultan."

"Tiens! tiens! Peau de Lapin! Scarecrow, quol? He was in no hurry about it at any rate. And what will you take?"

Then a new Peau de Lapin will come round to buy our rabbit-skins at two or three sous apiece, according to condition of goods and state of market.

"Peau de Lapin est mort. Vive Peau de Lapin!"

So it will end, as for most of us, without funeral oration and flourish of heralds' trumpets. But yet there might be a word spoken over the old man's grave, a line carved on his headstone.

It was on the cobbled wharf of one of our canal ports, that last meeting of ours. The placid water reflected,

in their smallest details, the little cluster of white houses, their green shutters and steep-pitched roofs of warm brown: the sombre old lava-stone turret daubed with crimson splashes of virginian creeper: a claret-red barge, filling up the tiny harbor, and gunwale down under heaped masses of pale gold beet: the purple feathery crest and the gray stem of a sentinel poplar: the russet background of fell, and a Himalaya range of snowy cumulus piled up immobile against a sky of all but midsummer blue. It is on such tissue, where image and reflection are subtly blended, that day-dreams are woven.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the creak and rattle and the hurricane of various cries that announce the approach of *Peau de Lapin*, and soon the ancient tricycle came out from under the bridge into the harbor stretch.

"Br-r-r-r—deaf then, tol?—
Br-r-r-r—"

It is the sound peasants make with tongue and palate to bring their horses to a stop, and it answers very well for dogs in harness. Sultan sat down panting upon his haunches.

"Brigand!" shouted his master. "I've half a mind——"

He glanced at a switch attached like a churchwarden's wand to the front of the tricycle. Sultan glanced at it too, with unconcern. For it is only an emblem, a dress-sword of authority, a theoretical terror to theoretical insubordination.

"What's he been doing?" I asked.

"He's so inquisitive," grumbled *Peau de Lapin*, unhitching Sultan's string. "Regular old woman, *vrai*! Lie down then—*curieux*!" And he dismissed Sultan with a caress that took all the edge off his reproach.

Sultan, curling up under the tricycle, went to sleep with a fine pre-

tence, the humbug! of the utmost indifference to his surroundings, and *Peau de Lapin* came over to me. He was very hot, for his load was an unusually heavy one. A bundle of rabbit-skins was attached to the rusty handle-bar of his machine, another slung over his shoulder, and the packing-case that is his perambulatory shop was crammed full. I was glad that he had left his stock to windward, for whatever it be in the nostrils of the commerce, the odor of rabbit-skins is no incense in mine.

"*Salut, Monsieur l'Anglais*," said *Peau de Lapin*, drawing off a tattered woollen glove, though without doing so he might have given me any of his fingers and most of his hand.

"*Salut, Monsieur Lapin*. How goes it?"

"*Piano! piano!*" he replied, throwing himself down wearily by me. "It's the bronchitis, my winter trouble—*heu! heu! heu!* And I think it's about the last of it, for it's gripped me earlier than usual this year, *diable!*"

"You always think that, you know."

"The boy and the wolf, *quol?* The wolf came in the end though. Yes. But let that be. There's something I want to say to you."

Now *Peau de Lapin* has rubbed up against many nationalities, and little tags of divers foreign languages have come off on his speech, like loose straws from harvest wagons caught upon a hedge. And the result is as picturesque as his personality.

"—There's something I want to say to you, Mister. The English are not *Kaput?*"

"*Mais non, mais non, Monsieur Lapin.*"

"And the Russians not *Kaput, gospoda?*"

"Not yet, nor like to be."

"And the French not *Kaput?*"

"Oh, *par exemple!*"

"But the Boche devils Kaput, mein Herr? Ja?"

"Oh, ja, Monsieur Lapin!"

"Good, good, brother," said the old man with something like a sigh of relief. "For we are brothers now, n'est-ce pas? But 'tis hard, so hard! It goes near breaking my heart. Everywhere I pass—the same thing. This neighbor? Dead. That? Dead. Such a one's son? Missing. Wounded in every train, in every street. All our able men gone, all our horses. No one on the land now but women and children and Methuselahs like myself. Dieu de Dieu! Heu! heu! heu!"

"That is war, brother. It is what we had to expect."

"I know, Monsieur l'Anglais," agreed Peau de Lapin. "I'm an old soldier myself. Not a good one to begin with, mais que voulez-vous? I was drunk when I struck the Sergeant, but he was drunk too. The Sergeant, he lost his stripes over it; and me they sent out to Africa to the disciplinary regiment; 'les joyeux,' you know. We had our chance in 'Seventy, and took it. Ho, ho, les joyeux! Ta—ta—ta—ta! Cha—arge! Ta—ta—ta—ta! At Wissembourg—but that's ancient history; and it isn't what I have to say. Heu! heu! heu!"

When the old man had finished the fit of coughing with which he punctuated all his periods, he suddenly brought his hand in a military salute to the felt ruin on his head.

"The Emperor!" he cried.

And his eyes stared out so vividly that, following them, I seemed to catch the outline of a towering figure dashed for a second on to the vast Himalaya of white cumulus.

"I knew a man," continued Peau de Lapin excitedly, his hand on my arm, "one of the Old Guard. He had seen the Emperor a thousand times, spoken with him more than once. Like all the rest of them, he would have gone

through fire and water for him. Did, as a matter of fact: Moscow and the Beresina, quoi! And he never could be got to believe that the Emperor was really dead. His idea was that Napoleon had had himself frozen and packed in ice. Got the idea out of some book, I suppose. And he had it in his head that the Emperor would come again when France needed him. A crazy idea, n'est-ce pas? Of course I—and yet—you—you don't believe it now, do you, Mister?"

"I only wish I could, Monsieur Lapin."

"Of course, of course," he nodded reluctantly. "Even an uneducated man like you and me could hardly swallow *that*! But still, I will tell you. I have often prayed these last days: 'Notre Père, qui êtes aux Cieux—and so on—raise him up again. Unfreeze him. If our English brothers have no objection. For ever and ever. Amen.' Heu! heu! heu! Don't laugh at me, Monsieur l'Anglais. An old man—an old fool—heu! heu! heu!"

A plague of that damp canal air! It got into my throat and choked me. But I made him understand somehow that I had no mind to laugh.

"Bon!" he said. "Good men the English. Not Kaput. And the French not Kaput! Shall I tell you why? Because—"

He raised his arms above his head: his face glowed: his eyes sparkled. So, a thought larger, Elijah might have sat.

"—because HE has come back!" he cried.

"HE! The Emperor? Unfrozen? Mon pauvre ami—"

"Oh, not in that way!" he broke in. "That is a child's idea—the freezing business. Heu! heu! heu! Come, I will show you."

He scrambled to his feet, and led me hastily to the old tricycle. On one side of the packing-case he had glued

a cheap little oleograph of Napoleon, but it was hidden now under a portrait, cut out of a daily paper, showing a calm and strong face beneath a general's képi.

Peau de Lapin pulled off his hat, and so did I.

"You know him?" he said—"our Joffre! It struck me yesterday. That is how the Emperor has returned. Ta—ta—ta—ta! En avant, les joyeux! Ta—ta—Heu!—heu! heu! This cough will be the death of me. I shall not see—the end. But what of that? An old mummy! Vive notre Joffre! Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!"

From a century back I heard the legionaries' shout echoing up the years, and heard it rolling on into coming ages. The glorious legend will never die, but for all time—pillar of fire—will guide the destinies of France. What were you?—Man?—Demigod?—What were you that your spirit inspires all strategy, starts from every trench, heads every charge, exults in every cry of triumph, calls "Victory!" to the fainting soul of an old battered rabbit-skin man?

"Allons, Sultan!" said Peau de Lapin.

"Vieux curieux!" I remarked, leading back to the subject of Sultan's misdeemeanor, for I am as inquisitive as he.

"No, no," said his master. "I was a little hard on him. A good beast. But he looks about him too much. He's nervous, that's what it is. He cannot stand the sight of a gendarme."

As the appearance of the blue-and-white uniform has the effect of trans-

forming Sultan from a draught animal into a "chien de luxe," I thought that his falling might be interpreted otherwise than as mere curiosity. But I let it pass. Peau de Lapin harnessed Sultan and hoisted himself into the saddle.

"Adieu, Monsieur l'Anglais," he said.

"Au revoir, Monsieur Lapin. Sans adieu."

"Adieu," he insisted. "An old man—confounded bronchitis—heu! heu! heu! Adieu."

Very slowly and solemnly he drew his hand out of mine. It was as if he were loosing his ties with mankind.

"Tchk! tchk! Sultan!"

Sultan tugged dogfully: Peau de Lapin put all his weight on the treadles: the cranky machine creaked into movement. I followed them out of sound and sight: Peau de Lapin's cough: his "Tchk! tchk!" and "Hue!" and "Dia!"—for Sultan is a horse: the rattle and clank of the Tubal Cain tricycle: and the bundle of rabbit-skins on Peau de Lapin's shoulders that swung to and fro like a big white pendulum.

The old man is dead, and Sultan. We had it this morning.

Peau de Lapin. Ho, Peau de Lapin!

If my voice can carry over the dark flood to the Blessed Fields where you and Sultan wander leisurely, and immortal rabbits frolic in the asphodel with no fear for their skins, take my thanks, brother. I was despondent that day—for the world—for France. And you let in light on my gloom. You pointed me to the pillar of fire. Vale, frater, vale! Adieu, Peau de Lapin, adieu!

Charles Oliver.

THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN CROWN."

I've sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I went to sea,
 An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was all alike to me;
 There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an' some 'ave tried to
 drown. . . .

But I never met the equal o' the "Eastern Crown."

'Er funnel's like a chimley, 'er sides is like a tub;
 An' pay is middlin' scanty, an' likewise so is grub;
 She's 'ard to beat for steerin' bad, she's 'ard to beat for
 grime,
 An' rollin' is 'er 'obby — oh, she's rollin' all the time!

Rollin' down to Singapore — rollin' up to Maine —
 Rollin' round to Puget Sound, an' then 'ome again!
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between —
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

We sailed for Philadelphia, New York, an' Montreal,
 Dischargin' general cargo at our various ports o' call;
 We knocked about a year or so 'tween Callao an' Nome,
 An' then to Portland, Oregon, to load w' deals for 'ome.

She's met with accidents a few (which is 'er usual way);
 She scraped the bowsprit off a barque in San Francisco Bay;
 She's shed propeller blades an' plates wherever she 'as
 been . . .

An' last she's fouled 'er bloomin' screw on a German sub-
 marine!

Rollin' in the sunshine — rollin' in the rain —
 Rollin' up the Channel — an' we're 'ome again!
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between —
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

As on the 'igh an' draughty bridge I stood my wheel one day,
 "If we should sight a submarine" (I 'eard the old man say),
 "I'd do as Admirals retired an' other folks 'ave said,
 I'd run the old Red Duster up an' ring 'Full speed ahead!'

I'd sink before I'd 'eave 'er to or 'aul my colors down:
 By gosh, they'll catch a Tartar if they catch the 'Eastern
 Crown'!

I've thought it out both 'igh an' low, an' this seems best
 to me —

Pursoo a zig-zag course" (he says) "an' see what I shall see!"

Rollin' through the Doldrums — rollin' in the foam —
 Rollin' by the Fastnet — an' we're nearly 'ome!
 A long roll, an' a short roll, and a roll in between —
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

'E said it an' 'e meant it, an' 'e acted as 'e said,
When sure enough we sighted one abeam o' Lizard 'Ead;
You should 'ave 'eard the engines grunt—you should 'ave
seen 'er roll,
She was beatin' all 'er records as they shovelled on the
coal . . .

They missed 'er by a spittin' length—'er rollin' served 'er
well;

But it served 'er better after, as you're goin' to 'ear me tell;
For she some'ow rolled 'erself atop o' the bloomin' sub-
marine . . .

An' the oil upon the waters was the last of it we seen.

Rollin' up to London Town (an' down by the bow!)—
Rollin' 'ome to Surrey Docks—ain't we 'eroes now?
A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between—
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

C. Fox Smith.

The Spectator.

THE PALIMPSEST OF WAR.

In the Middle Ages, when parchment was a rare and precious thing, and men, eager to set down their thoughts in writing or to copy out once more the thoughts of admired masters of wisdom, were tripped in their eagerness by want of the due material, they were wont to take an old manuscript and to prepare a clean sheet by erasing the old characters—not so drastically, however, but that the old script may still be discerned by a seeing eye through the new penmanship and the old words still shine, however dimly, through the cloud of new words by which they have been obscured. To such a manuscript scholars have given the name of palimpsest.

Ruminating thought, which detects sermons in stones, may in this year of our Lord discover a palimpsest in the unrolled map of Europe. Graved and scored with characters through all recorded time, it is being graved and scored once more, by a pen of iron and with ink of blood, in characters

that seem indelible. History, after all, has its rhythm and its recurrence. Where the graving ran deepest in the days of old, the profoundest score may still be seen to-day. The valleys and the waterways where our forefathers joined battle witness now, in their eternal sightlessness, the locked struggle of the children. There are some channels cut by nature through which the fretting tide of human action seems destined to run for evermore. From the beginning of time invaders have crossed the desert of Sinai to batter at the gates of Egypt. Here Seleucids met Ptolemies; here, eight centuries ago, crusading Franks and their generous rival Saladin vied in the race for the inheritance of the Fatimites; here immemorial Pharaohs stood on guard, and here there stands on guard to-day a new Pharaoh from an island no Pharaoh ever knew—a Pharaoh who, stranger though he be, is governing the fellaheen of the Nile (and this seems stranger still) in the very ways trodden by the feet of the

Ptolemies 2,000 years ago. Wherever the eyes are turned, the same haunting recurrence seems to brood. There are times when one feels without knowing, and knows without understanding, that somehow, and at some time, all this has happened before. It is in such times that we are living now. He who looks at the waterway that leads to Constantinople; he who looks at the plains of Poland; he who looks at the fields of Belgium, knows, if he knows the past, that the Athenian trireme swam of old where the English Dreadnought floats to-day; that Slav and German wrestled a thousand years ago on the plains where they struggle now; that Belgium was a battle-ground as long ago as the day, and even before the day, when Caesar beat the Nervii.

As long as geography remains the same, and the face of the earth remains as it was established by its Maker, the recurrent rhythm of martial history will come unbidden to the ear. It has even its fascination; it has even its curious and paradoxical comfort. We may feel that the generations of mortal men are linked each to each by a community of suffering; that what has befallen Scarborough once befell Rye and Winchelsea; that armies have stood embattled under Lille as they still stand to-day. "O man, who hast suffered burdens heavier to be borne, trust God to bring an end to these as well." And yet whatever the fascination and even the comfort, of this rhythm of history, the conclusion of the whole matter cannot but seem to be despondency. Have we marched breast-forward through the ages, fighting and, as we thought, faring forward, and was it all for this? Shall the epitaph on our human kind be nothing better than a forlorn—"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be"? What advantageth it any man that war is fought in the old

way, in the ancient places, if war and the rumors of war shall never cease from our hearts?

Are our hearts, then, also palimpsests, like the earth on which we dwell? Are our minds the same abiding stuff, on which a God who is only a God of battles eternally writes his crimson script, only erasing the message of one age to write it in the next with a direr pen, dipped still more deep, a message still more charged with the ancient woe? There are times when hope grows faint, and human affairs seem to the tired eye and the aching brain a mere whirling revolution round one fixed desperate centre. Bound to the wheel, man turns full cycle in the course of the ages. "You know as well as we do," said the Athenians of old to the people of Melos, "that right, as the world goes, is only a question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can, and the weak suffer what they must." "We are now in a state of necessity," the Germans said last year to the people of Belgium, "and necessity knows no law." Our human hearts beat to recurrent thoughts as inevitably as the hills and valleys shake to the recurrent tramp of marching armies. Who shall find a new thing under the sun? Strong and thrice-armed in a just cause freely espoused by happy warriors, England may boast to-day that, without her rival's incessant training for war, she can gather around her for battle, as the fatal day at length dawns red and stormy, a willing people who will gladly rise to the measure of her need, and accomplish by free initiative, with a ready versatility, all that a special compulsion enables her foe to achieve. Pericles, in the name of Athens, threw the same proud defiance to Sparta more than 2,000 years ago. And Pericles could add to his boast in his day, as truly as England can add in

hers, that his country was an example to all the known world of the sovereign virtues of free speech and free government, free originality of thought and free toleration of all opinion.

But the thoughts that recur through the centuries are not only thoughts of might or thoughts of defiance, they are also thoughts of a permanent peace of the world. And this, too, has its sadness—a sadness perhaps the most poignant of all. Our generation is not the first to dream of ending war by war, or to send its thoughts flying ahead into the future to build visionary mansions for a united humanity. Brave and hoping hearts have lived before us; and, O, the hope in which they dressed themselves is the hope we cherish to-day. No thought has more power to rend; no view of the recurrent ebb and tide of human hopes and fears is more desolating. Our forefathers had high and generous aspirations 100 years ago, when a quarter of a century's fighting had sobbed itself to sleep, and a Holy Alliance seemed to promise halcyon days to Europe. Their aspirations were not fulfilled. Within a few tens of years the winds of war were awake again, and rushed from their caverns, in sweeping gusts and heavy gales, to traverse a continent from end to end. Their fretting clamor arose, as it arises now, to the starry silence of the skies; and the white radiance of eternity was stained, as it is stained to-day, by the drifting smoke of the guns.

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And yet it were idle, and worse than idle, to despair too quickly. For there is a difference, after all, between the tone and temper of this war and the tone and temper of the last war that England waged. Here, at least, there has not been recurrence. Into that war we rushed as if it were a joyous venture; into this we have gone as if it were—what, indeed, it is—a bitterly cruel necessity. We have not flaunted our flags, or made merry over our enemies. We have possessed our souls in quietness, and we have said in our hearts that there will be one day, and one only, for the flying of flags and the singing of praises unto our God; one day for which we live; one day on which we shall draw happy breath once more—the day of peace. We have seen our enemies dying fine deaths bravely for a cause which, to our thinking, is neither brave nor fine; and when they have died like that, for a cause like that, we have given them all that we can, and all that we may—the respect brave men deserve. We have hated a cause; we have not hated, and we pray that we may never hate, the combatants.

It may be that we have thus come, in this our day, to stand on the top of golden hours. If we can but capture these hours, and make them ours for ever—if we can but make the present temper of the nation our eternal possession—it may be that there remains a rest, after all, if not for us, at any rate for our children.

EPISTOLARY FRENCH.

"Oh dear," said Francesca in a tone of deep depression, "I've got to write two letters in French."

"It is," I said, "a punishment for having wasted your time in early

youth. During the hours nominally devoted to French you were thinking of hockey or bicycles or poetry. Instead of attending to the irregular verbs you were preparing a speech on

the subjection of women. And now you can't play hockey and you don't want to bicycle and you're the despot of your household, but you can't write the simplest letter in the French language without groaning and tearing your hair."

"All that," she said, "is very eloquent, but it isn't very helpful."

"I do not pretend," I said, "to be a dictionary or a phrase-book. Short of that, if there is anything I can do you have only to appeal to my better nature and you will find me bubbling over with French of the most idiomatic kind. But tell me, to whom do you propose to write?"

"To Belgian refugees, of course. We must all do what we can to help them, poor things."

"Of course we must," I said; "but do you think our letters will help them much?"

"Well, they want to know things and we're bound to answer them."

"Quite true," I said; "but are you sure that our French will help to reconcile them to living in England? Might it not be of so English a quality that they would feel more than ever that they were amongst strangers? Couldn't we call in person and smile at them and say, *'Oh oui'* in a friendly manner so as to make them think they're really at home? I merely throw out the suggestion, you know."

"You can leave it," she said, "where you threw it. It's no use to me. We've got to write these letters."

"Very well," I said, "let's get to work. How shall we begin?"

"*'Chère Madame'* would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"*'Chère Madame'* would be simply splendid if the lady is married."

"Married?" said Francesca. "She has been married twenty-four years and has had ten children."

"No one," I said, "could possibly be more worthy of all that is implied in

'Chère Madame.' Let us put it down at once before we forget it."

"Anyhow," said Francesca more cheerfully, "we've got started, and that's more than half the battle."

"Francesca," I said, "you never made a greater mistake in your life. The beginning of a letter in French is, no doubt, important, but it is the merest child's play compared with the end. Are you going to ask this mother of ten children simply to receive your salutations? Or dare you soar still higher and pray her to be well willing to agree the expression of your sentiments the most distinguished? Or to accept the assurance of your most high consideration? You think they're all pretty much the same, but they're not. There are heavy shades of difference between them and you can't help going wrong. Is it worth while to risk exposing your ignorance to a lady who has been married twenty-four years? Pause before it is too late."

"Well," said Francesca, "I can't help it. If ever I get so far in this blessed letter I shall just make a dash for it and ask her to agree to whatever comes into my head first. It'll probably be my distinguished sentiments, because I've taken a fancy for that style. It's jolly to think one has such sentiments."

"All right," I said, "have it your own way, but don't blame me if when you next meet her your Belgian lady shows what the novels call evident signs of constraint."

"She won't worry about a little thing like that. She's the dearest old thing in the world, but she's in a great state about the chimney in her sitting-room, which is one of the most successful smokers ever built."

"Hurrah!" I cried, "now we've got the middle of the letter, and that makes it complete. *Ramoneur* is the French for sweep, so we'll write something like this:—

Chère Madame,

Je vous enverrai le ramoneur.

Agréez, Madame, mes sentiments distingués.

And then you'll sign it and send it off."

"Will that do?" said Francesca. "Isn't it just a little too curt? They're our guests, you know, and we ought to do all we can to make them feel at home."

"Well," I said, "we could throw in a few words about the weather."

"But perhaps they don't worry about the weather in Belgium."

"Then it'll be something new for them. And you might add some neat little sentence about hoping that the children are all in good health."

"Neat little sentences," said Francesca, "don't grow on gooseberry bushes, but I'll do my best. That
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polishes off number one. Now we must consider number two. This time I have to answer a daughter. Somebody, it appears, has been good enough to indicate to Papa a place where he can procure himself cheaply a summer costume made to measure, and it pains them to see Mamma without a suitable dress at a moment when nature is adorning herself with her most beautiful attire. Can I say where Mamma can obtain a dress which will restore her peace of mind?"

"Francesca," I said, "this does not concern me. It is too sacred. All I can do is to suggest that *couturière* is a not inappropriate word. And this time you can finish up with the assurance of your highest consideration."

"It sounds haughty," said Francesca, "but I'll chance it."

R. C. Lehmann.

BURIED TREASURE.

The other evening I heard a man remark that he hoped that a few dons had been sent with the fleet to the Dardanelles in view of the possibility of rescuing ancient manuscripts from the city, if and when it was attacked. It is improbable that the Admiral has any academic A.D.C.'s attached to his staff for Special Service. But it is quite possible that there are a few dons in the Dardanelles contingent of the Naval Brigade ("Churchill's Army"), in which the company (in no detrimental sense) is understood to be very mixed. If so, and if an occupation of Stamboul does give them opportunities of exploration, they may find something. For romantic rumors have always been afloat as to piles of "lost classics" stowed away in crypts and lofts and mosque libraries, jealously guarded from the Glaur eye like the Secrets of the Harem. There

may be nothing in it. The eloping Byzantines who came to Italy with bags full of texts in the fifteenth century may have brought away everything that was worth bringing. Ecclesiastical vandalism was not a peculiarly Western product, and a race of monks who expurgated the Anthology according to their own canons not merely of morality, but also of taste, may have destroyed by the time of Constantine XI. much that existed in the time of Constantine I. It is, however, worth remembering—that what we frequently forget—that a really considerable portion not merely of the minor, but also of the major classics are still "lost." We may have Homer, Virgil, and Plato virtually in bulk, and quite enough Euripides to keep Professor Murray busy; but an enormous amount of literature, famous in its day, has disappeared.

The greater part of the Greek drama and poetry has gone. Possibly the pre-Homeric songs and hymns were not known even to the Greeks of classical times; and unless, which is doubtful, the "exponents" of "oral tradition" were in the habit of taking and burying gramophone records, they are beyond recall. But the epic-writers who, in Mr. Kipling's elegant phrase, smote the bloomin' lyre after 'Omer have also gone. We have some names. There was the *Little Iliad*, the *Nostoi* of Agias, and Arctinus' *Sack of Troy*; and there were epics by Strasinus and Eugammon of Cyrene. Hesiod alone remains of the Boeotian epic-writers, and we may be forgiven a sentimental regret for the loss of the works of Epimenides, the Cretan Rip van Winkle and Old Parr, who went to sleep for half a century and lived altogether for nearly three hundred years, being very deservedly deified for his feats. Only scraps remain of Callinus (who is said to have invented elegiacs), of Tyrtaeus (*le Begbie de ses jours*), and of the great lyricist Alcman. The reputation of Archilochus of Paros, who flourished in the seventh century before Christ, was still very great in the days of the Roman Empire; Longinus (or whoever wrote the *Treatise on the Sublime*) had a very high opinion of him, and Horace and others speak of the poisonous power of his satire, which is alleged to have driven his successful rival in love to suicide. He passed this valuable gift on to his celebrated disciple Hipponax of Ephesus; in this case the victims were sculptors who had made too faithful an image of the bard. The immoral moral poems of Theognis are gone like the songs of Orion, that maritime Orpheus. Anacreon and Sappho, famous as they are, we have to take almost entirely on trust from the ancients. What has been found of

Sappho's does not shake her reputation as one of the greatest lyric poets in the world's history. The works of her alleged suitor Alcæus have disappeared; Stersichorus and "pure Simonides" are in little better case. What we have of Pindar is only a torso, if a sublime one. Leonidas of Tarentum, the contemporary and fellow-countryman of Theocritus, we know only from a few exquisite things in the Anthology. Almost the whole of the later lyric poetry has vanished. Philetas of Cos was reputed a prince of erotics. The fame of young Archias spread over the whole Western world while he was still in his 'teens. Then there were Lycophron and Callimachus, whose vast "output" is now represented by a small residuum. He was both an Alexandrine and a librarian; but he came near perfection at times, as in the well-known lament for Heraclitus, so perfectly translated by the late William Cory. Meleager, whose own epigrams, delicate and poignant, are amongst the brightest flowers in the Anthology, made a collection of the best short poems of his own time and the ages before him. We have not even that, but only an expurgation of an expurgation of it, with much of the original good verse omitted, and a considerable amount of Byzantine work added which can neither please the taste nor edify the mind.

It is impossible here to go in detail into all the departments of literature, but the losses are everywhere great. Our history of the Greek theatre is built on hearsay. Aristotle knew, and considered as the root whence Greek comedy sprang, a poem called *Margites*, which was fathered on Homer, who had a back of Baconian breadth. A few lines survive. The first distinguished figure of the great Attic tragedy was Phrynichus, who was heavily fined for unmanning his

audience by the devastating terror of his *Sack of Miletus*. His tragedies are lost. Of all the tragedies of Æschylus but a tenth or a twelfth survive; of Sophocles a still smaller proportion; and even of Euripides only a third is extant. Of the other tragedians, Ion at least, whom Aristophanes and others praise highly, would be worth recovering. We have no plays by Susarion, who perhaps founded the old comedy, or by the very popular Cratinus and Eupolis; and of Aristophanes we are only acquainted with a fifth. The comic playwrights of the decadence, the pre-Socratic philosophers, the early prose-writers, the orators, the historians, have all in great part perished. What, in reality, were the prose and verse of Empedocles like? Theopompus, the sardonic historian, was mentioned in the same breath as Herodotus and Thucydides. Many other historians of great repute in all periods have disappeared; and those we do possess we possess only in fragments. Some of the most valuable of Plutarch's *Lives* have vanished. The greatest loss from the political scientist's point of view is undoubtedly that of the vast and exhaustive account of various constitutions drawn up by Aristotle and his pupils. They are said to have collected and arranged particulars of no fewer than a hundred and fifty of such constitutions, the *Polity of Athens* being but one from this vast array. "He made," as Sir Frederick Pollock has said, "a full and minute study of the existing constitutions of the Greek cities, and thus collected a great body of information and materials, unhappily lost to us for the most part. And we regret the loss all the more keenly in that we know how accurate Aristotle was." Lastly, there are the romances, books of travels, and pseudo-scientific works. The Milesian tales were collected and written down

in Greek and translated into Latin. We have them in neither tongue, nor the similar short stories emanating from Ephesus, Cyprus, and elsewhere. The familiar *Widow of Ephesus* is probably a specimen. This tale has been told under many skies. Pornographic tales are things that the race does not "willingly let die," and from what we know of the epidemic nature and persistence of this kind of story it seems likely that, what with the mediæval French and Italian collections, not to speak of the Arabian and Chinese tales, we are familiar with more of the Milesian *contes* than we are aware of. The origins of the Greek novel cannot now be traced owing to the loss of early fictions. Judging by the quality of the novels (mostly about love and pirates) that have been transmitted, we have not suffered greatly by the disappearance of so many of the later romances; but some of the collections of prodigies and wonders must have been entertaining.

With the Latin losses are not so numerous, nor could they be so important. Of Lucilius the satirist, the friend of Scipio and the admired of Horace, there remain but a few lines. Another early lost poet is that P. Licinius Tegula who was considered one of the first of comic writers. He flourished about 200 B.C.; and Livy stirs our imaginations when he relates how during the Macedonian War the Decemvirs ordered a hymn by Tegula to be sung all over Rome by thrice nine virgins. The immediate reason was that everybody had been alarmed by the birth of a pig with a human head, a lamb with a pig's head, a five-footed calf and several hermaphrodites: certainly an unusual crop. The greatest writers of the great Roman Age survive bodily, but half Ovid's not very delightful but extremely informative *Fasti* have gone, and Tibullus is

very incomplete; whilst there are many poets, highly praised by Horace, Propertius, and others, who survive only in fragments or not at all. Amongst these are Mark Antony's prolific son Julius; Titius Septimus; Plotius, and Tucca, who were given by Augustus the ticklish job of editing and "cutting" Virgil after he was dead; Varius, whom Virgil commended to Mæcenas; and above all perhaps C. Calvus Licinius, who died before he was thirty, one of the most famous men of his time.

Of Latin drama we possess only a skeleton: a long list of "missing" could be given, but Ennius, Nævius, and Accius will suffice. In historical literature there are chasms everywhere. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, were but the most familiar of them filled up, our knowledge of Roman history would be doubled, and our knowledge of the outlying countries very much increased. What we have of Livy is only a quarter of what Livy wrote. Several books of Tacitus—probably amongst the most engrossing—are missing; so also, in varying degrees, the works of Cornelius, Nepos, Sallust, old Cato, Suetonius, Velleius Paterculus, Muclanus, Varro—to mention only the most familiar names. And so on to the end of the catalogue. Much of the miscellaneous work of the Empire has perished, and a tear may at least be shed over the absent portions of Petronius.

There may be nothing to be found in Constantinople. The legend may also be baseless that unique manuscripts are possessed by the monks of Mount Athos, who so pleased Gibbon by their mystical habit of staring at their navels and seeing a great light. But much of value may yet be recovered elsewhere. After several barren centuries excavations, principally in Egypt, have in the last twenty or thirty years recovered a good deal.

The *Polity of Athens* (attributed to Aristotle) and the Bibliothèque Nationale speech of Hyperides have come to light. The poems of Bacchylides made a "sensation" in 1897. M. Lefebvre's fragments of Menander (thirteen hundred lines) were quite enough to weaken the dramatist's reputation in 1905; and since then there have been beautiful fragments of Sappho and a Satyric drama by Sophocles, an example of an art-form of which the *Cyclops* of Euripides was the only specimen we previously knew. All this while Drs. Grenfell and Hunt, and other archaeologists, have been disinterring vast masses of records of small literary merit, but of immense value for the light they shed upon social and economic organization and customs. But enormous scope for discovery remains, even outside Egypt. As in Egypt anything of classical Greece may lie, so in another place "lost" Greek and Latin books of the best periods may be hidden in abundance. "All that is necessary," said a writer in the *Classical Review* a few years ago, "in order to bring about discoveries greater than those of Poggio is for the Italian Government to refrain from building an ironclad, and with the money thus saved to dig up Herculaneum, where countless papyri may still be preserved by the friendly mud which enveloped the town before it was overwhelmed by the torrents of lava on which the squalid suburb of Resina now rests." What digging has been done at Herculaneum in the past has produced many fine bronzes, marbles, and paintings, but the particular Roman whose library has been unearthed had an unfortunate and unaccountable penchant for the works of Philodemus of Gadara, a boring philosopher who would not have left the world much the poorer had he run down a steep place into the sea, like so many of his fellow-

citizens. But Vesuvius may have preserved much that man has destroyed. Even a Chestertonian Optimist could scarcely hope to recover from Herculaneum works written after Herculaneum was buried. Yet almost anything of the great Greek and Latin eras may be there, and the Italian Government can scarcely be congratulated on refusing (from parsimoniousness) to do the digging itself and (from jealousy) to allow foreigners to undertake it. The expense would no doubt be considerable, owing to the

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depth and hardness of the deposits. But a few hundred thousand pounds would probably be enough; and, at worst, an auction of the "finds" would certainly recoup the Government. In the last resort one might have thought that there would have been enough wealthy persons in the world interested in archaeological discovery to put up the money even if the Italian Government does insist—as it insisted when Professor Waldstein formulated his scheme—on keeping the "loot." But possibly not just at present.

Eugene Parry.

BIRDS IN WAR-TIME.

It was thought by many ornithologists that the great European war would have seriously affected the conditions of bird-life, not only in France and Belgium but also in England. Following the precedent of 1870, when a number of unusual species found their way over to this country, it was believed that a large immigration of feathered fugitives might be expected. The war has now been raging for over eight months, and, speaking roughly, the expectations of ornithologists have not been fulfilled. Still, some interesting observations have been made; and it may be that the spring migration will reveal further anomalies.

It seems to be definitely established that during the Franco-German War of 1870 a considerable number of Continental birds came over to this country. This was specially the case as regards the eastern and south-eastern counties, where a great accession of the larger birds of prey, such as the peregrine and the buzzards, was noticed by many competent ornithologists. There can be little reasonable doubt that the birds had been scared from France by the noise and tumult of the fighting, and had

crossed over to England in search of their accustomed peace. It has further been noticed that from the same time may be dated the marked increase of the hawfinch in this country, which hitherto had been reckoned a rare species. It will also be remembered that several flights of the great bustard occurred in England during the same period. Another illustration may be quoted from the Channel Islands. In his *Birds of Guernsey* Mr. Cecil Smith remarks that he had "never himself seen the rook in the islands even as a stranger," although he had records of its occurrence. But during the autumn of 1870 and the winter that followed large numbers of rooks made their home in Guernsey, where they used to roost in some large elm-trees near the Vallon, in the parish of St. Martin's. They all left however in the early spring, before the important business of nesting began.

During the month of February last much interest was created by a correspondence in the *Times* and elsewhere as to the sensitiveness of pheasants to the sound of guns. On the morning of January 24, while Sir

David Beatty's famous fight in the North Sea was in progress, there was, it seems, a fine commotion among the pheasants all along the eastern coast of England. When, for instance, the rector of Saxby, in Lincolnshire, arrived at church that Sunday morning, his clerk greeted him with the words, "There be rare goings-on in the North Sea the morn." "Why?" asked the parson. "The pheasants is all over the place with their fuss," was the reply. And so it was noticed in many other places, from Norfolk up to the North Riding of Yorkshire. The birds were in a state of high excitement, flying up into the air, and crowing incessantly. They were conscious of the vibration caused by the firing, while the sound of the guns was inaudible to human ears. At Lythe, to the north of Whitby, the village shoemaker, we hear, remarked to the parish clerk about ten o'clock of the morning, "By gum, Tom! there's summat up in the North Sea. T' old pheasants have been getting up steam." It was the same during the Zeppelin raid a few weeks later. The rector of Merton, near Thetford, writes as follows: "Here, within a few miles of the raid, the pheasants from eight o'clock to 10.45 shrieked themselves hoarse with terror, and surpassed all previous exhibitions of fuss. Even the smaller birds were terrified, and added their shriller voices to the general cries of alarm. We knew quite well that something was occurring on the coast, and when I opened the paper next morning I learnt without surprise that the pheasants had been excellent sentinels."

It will be noticed that on this occasion the smaller birds joined with the pheasants in the general alarm. And there can be little doubt that the appearance of aircraft is a cause of fear among the birds. I have repeatedly noticed when an aeroplane has

passed over Winchester that the rooks and jackdaws have been in a state of considerable perturbation. Once, however, early in last November, I saw a curious sight, which seemed to show that some species at any rate must be exempted. A monoplane, which somewhat resembles a great falcon, was flying very low over the Close and College, when suddenly a kestrel-hawk darted from the Cathedral tower and dashed after the monoplane, and continued to follow it until both bird and machine were lost to sight in the distance.

It would not have been unreasonable to suppose that the presence of fleets of airships and the constant thunder of artillery would have driven great numbers of birds from France and Belgium. But, on the whole, the presumption has not been substantiated. In a few instances however certain species seem to have been more numerous in England during the past winter. There have certainly been immense flocks of starlings. I never saw so vast a flock as one which passed over Winchester on the afternoon of New Year's Day. An unusual number have also been reported from other places, as about the Charterhouse at Godalming, and in London at St. Paul's and in Trafalgar Square. There were certainly too a larger number of hawks in Hampshire last autumn than is usually the case. One keeper asserted that he often saw as many as forty in a day, chiefly sparrow-hawks and kestrels, but also merlins and peregrine-falcons. Once, on October 2, the very rare sight of a raven was seen in Hampshire. It was passing over a village, pursued by three rooks. Peewits, or green plovers, are also reported to have been more numerous than in former years. A change in their habits, at least in certain localities, has also been observed. They have kept closer to the ground;

and if disturbed would only fly over the hedgerows into a further field. This curious refusal to follow their usual ways is doubtless due to a feeling of insecurity in the air, caused by the presence of unaccustomed aircraft.

The establishment of a military camp in a new neighborhood has proved beyond question a great attraction to many species of birds. I was amazed at the number of birds which congregated at the camp on Magdalen Hill, near Winchester, last autumn. Large flocks of seagulls, the common gull and the blackheaded gull, would come up from the Solent every morning to feed on the garbage and refuse. The immense number of starlings, to which I have alluded, were doubtless attracted by the same cause. Clouds of smaller birds, sparrows and finches, would rise from among the tents as one walked along.

What the effect has been on the distribution of wild-life in the actual zone of the war it is at present difficult to determine. There are however among our officers a number of sportsmen and ornithologists who will doubtless put on record the results of their observations. Now and again, in letters from the Front, a casual remark reveals some point of interest. In the month of November a correspondent, writing from Nancy, asserted that the wild-boar and roe-deer which inhabit the Forests of Parroy and Mortemart had all migrated to Switzerland. "I have walked for miles through these forests," he added, "without seeing a trace of wild-life, except crows and magpies." It is curious to notice that, unlike our pheasants at home, their cousins in France seem sometimes to have shown absolute indifference to the sound of guns. An officer, who for three months was in the trenches on the outskirts of the Forest of Sablon, tells us that there the game seemed entirely

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unaffected by the constant and heavy artillery fire. Indeed, one exposed spot seemed to be the favorite promenade for cock pheasants. It was, he says, "a good-sized orchard directly between our lines and the enemy, and frequently swept by both rifle and artillery fire, yet I think never a day passed but that I saw at least one or two fine birds strolling about quite unconcernedly, and on many occasions I have seen several. Hares and partridges were also very abundant, and apparently war had no terrors for them." Another observer of birds writes home from the Front: "We have a favorite blackbird, who sits up in the tree above us, and answers when the men whistle to him, no matter how heavy the firing may be. I was amused," he adds, "to watch two old magpies the other day. They wanted to cross over from this side to the German lines, but every time they started to leave a row of poplars just below my shelter, there would be a crack from some rifle and back they would turn and perch again to chatter about it, until they had picked up courage to make another try, and then the same thing would happen all over again." These are interesting stories. The behavior of the magpies is less difficult to understand, for they are meddlesome and inquisitive birds, and moreover they are regarded in France with feelings of such reverential awe that they had doubtless come to fancy that even German snipers would hardly dare seriously to molest them. But what should a blackbird be doing in the firing-line, or a cock pheasant, or a covey of timid partridges? The ways of wild creatures are, we know, often inexplicable to man; but there seems something strangely incongruous in even the most distant association of "the charm of birds" with what Milton rightly terms "the odious din of war."

John Vaughan.

MARRIAGE AND THE WAR.

As this war, ghastly if glorious, develops, and casualty lists bring home to the public mind the full realization of the drain it is making and will make on the best manhood of Great Britain, the question, what will its effect be on the future of the race? forces itself more and more on the minds of those who have a thought for the morrow. The fact that it is a righteous war, and that to have been out of it would have branded Britain with the mark of poltroonery and dishonor, does not in the least dim the consciousness that British peoples must pay the price for perhaps generations to come. Every splendid fellow who falls will mean one mate the fewer for the already preponderant number of women, and that, in its turn, must be reflected in the future birth-rate. It is not necessary to magnify the sacrifice which the womanhood of the race is called upon to make; and it were easy to exaggerate the loss which posterity will suffer. The war may be responsible for developments which will shock the moral ideas ingrained by Mrs. Grundy; it may even intensify that form of social difficulty to which Mr. Ronald McNeill has drawn prominent attention in his efforts to save unmarried girls from any shame in being the mothers of war babies. On the other hand, the war will bring its compensations, compensations both moral and material; but those who survive to reap whatever good may be found as a set-off against the evil will have imposed upon them a duty not less great and imperative than that which every soldier is discharging to-day with cheerful devotion. Something must be done to save the country from the quite obvious consequences of the depletion of its finest manhood.

The problem is one which our spiritual and scientific leaders, not content to confine their thoughts to the mere needs of the hour, however pressing, are already beginning to consider; the Churches and the eugenics propagandists may not look at it from quite the same point of view, but both are giving it earnest attention. At the General Synod of the Church of Ireland the Bishop of Down, with equal delicacy and decision, introduced a measure to amend "The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony" with the special object of combating some of the modern theories and tendencies regarding the number of children, if any, which it is desirable should be born to those who have been joined in wedlock. Whether the modification of the introductory exhortation, which bluntly proclaimed the purpose for which matrimony was ordained, has induced people to ignore that purpose may well be doubted; all we would say is that it is not without significance at this time that eminent divines should urge the necessity of making the exhortation more emphatic, whilst still seeking to avoid offence to certain susceptibilities in the words used. The Church is quite properly concerned—and in view of the wastage involved in the war the importance of the matter cannot be too strongly insisted on—with the limits which have been self-imposed on the dimensions of most families. The Eugenist is concerned with what he would call the dysgenic possibilities of the future. Professor Arthur Thomson, of Aberdeen, took *Eugenics and War* for the subject of the second Galton lecture a couple of months ago; his address may be read in full in the April *Eugenic Review*. Professor Thomson, in an admirable essay, warned his hearers that the fact

could not be concealed, whatever the advantages in other directions, that "war, biologically regarded, means wastage and a reversal of eugenic or rational selection, since it prunes off a disproportionately large number of those whom the race can least afford to lose." At the same time, he recognizes that the war should result in an improvement in "the standard of all-round fitness," and socially should enrich our heritage. Like the Bishop of Down, Professor Thomson is gravely exercised by the falling birth-rate and the attendant national risks. "Among the revaluations after the war," he says, "may we not expect some change of public sentiment in regard to eugenic ideals, some more marked disapproval of selfish forms of celibacy, some more cordial encouragement of those desirable people who marry chivalrously while it is still spring-time with them, without waiting till the bridegroom has secured twice the income his father had? There is patriotism in dying for our country; there is a conceivable patriotism in marrying for her and in bearing children for her."

One risk to be guarded against after the war has not perhaps occurred to many people: it is that of a misdirected economy, in regard not only to progeny, but to money. Professor Thomson pleads with Eugenists, and the plea may well be made more general, to resist the natural desire "to

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economize in noble luxuries—in pictures and music, books and lectures, theatres and higher education. By all means let our criticism of consumption be intensified, but let it be enlightened. Let us prune our comforts before we pinch our souls. For, apart from ourselves, who may be past praying for, economizing on the nobler luxuries means hardship and celibacy to those finer spirits who are the salt of the earth, whose virtue all must wish to see conserved in the natural inheritance of the race." We might even go further: whilst the individual who has the power to spend on "noble luxuries" will patriotically keep his purse-strings loose, the State, often too ready to interfere where it can do no real good, might with advantage to itself and the individual do much to make life easier for the professional classes and for those who would love to have the little ones about the home were the responsibilities which they bring with them not too great for men and women with nothing but their brains and their health as sheet-anchors against an uncertain future. The great middle and professional classes are the chief sufferers by the war, and the ideals of race will best be served by seeing that, after the war, life for them is robbed of burdens which have always been unduly heavy and now threaten to become intolerable.

TYPHUS FEVER.

Typhus fever, which has just appeared in some of the prisoners' camps in Germany and is rife in Serbia, has been one of the great epidemic diseases of the world. Hirsch remarked:—"The history of typhus is written in those dark pages of the

world's story which tell of the grievous visitations of mankind by war, famine, and misery of every kind."

The name is of no great antiquity, for it was applied to a malady or group of maladies first by Sauvages in 1750. Until then, from the time of

Hippocrates downwards, it had been employed to designate a confused state of intellect, with a tendency to stupor. It was, in fact, not until 1850 that typhus fever was finally differentiated from typhoid or enteric fever by the researches of Jenner. One of the older synonyms for the disease was *jail fever*, and in the sixteenth century, at the first three of the famous "Black Assizes," judges, sheriffs, and jurymen were stricken with it as a result of infection from prisoners brought for trial. Another name formerly given to it is *Morbus castrensis* or "military fever," on account of the ravages occasioned by it among soldiers and camp followers from the time of the Thirty Years' War and the English Civil War down to the siege of Sebastopol. Owing to the character of the eruption, typhus fever has sometimes been termed "spotted fever" (to be distinguished from cerebro-spinal fever, also known as spotted fever), and the German name is *fleck-typhus*, also *typhus exanthematicus*, to distinguish it from *typhus abdominalis*, typhoid or enteric fever. The French name is similarly *typhus exanthématique*. Brill's disease, met with in New York, and Tabadillo of Mexico, seem to be manifestations of it. Few countries have suffered more than Ireland, and the disease has lingered in the outer Hebrides, but of late years has been practically unknown in England, and is seen but rarely in Scotland.

The invasion of typhus is, in the majority of cases, like pneumonia, sudden and severe after an incubation period of about twelve days. On the fourth or fifth day the eruption appears, first measly in character, but appearing on the wrists, trunk, and thighs, and afterwards becoming hæmorrhagic. The patient then suffers from severe fever with its usual con-

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comitants, passing into extreme prostration. The nervous system suffers severely, and there is great muscular restlessness and tremor, excitement and delirium. In favorable cases the attack ends comparatively suddenly about the fourteenth day.

There are, of course, considerable variations in the course of the disease in individual cases; it is always to be regarded as a serious affection, and the average death-rate for all ages under favorable conditions is 15-19 per cent; no age is exempt. An attack of typhus affords marked protection, and second attacks are as rare as those of small-pox. No special treatment for it has yet been discovered.

The ætiology of the disease is still uncertain: no specific micro-organism has been discovered, but it is probably protozoan in nature.

Typhus is markedly infectious, and the infectivity is greater the larger the number of cases which are aggregated together. The mode of spread for a long time was uncertain, and until recently it was regarded as being conveyed by the emanations from the patient. A few years ago, in the epidemic which occurred in Aberdeen, Prof. Matthew Hay made the pregnant suggestion, on epidemiological grounds, that the disease might be conveyed by fleas. Further investigations have conclusively proved that it is conveyed by the body-louse, possibly by the head-louse also. This important fact explains how it is that typhus is so prone to appear in times of stress, war, and famine—when misery prevails and personal cleanliness is difficult or impossible to maintain.

Prevention of the spread of the disease largely resolves itself, therefore, into extermination of lice, and much attention is now being directed to the means which may attain this end.

R. T. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders, both of whom are already authors of charming books upon the scenery and the traditions of California, are joint authors of *"The California Padres and Their Missions"* (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The book is constructed upon a somewhat novel plan,—each of the twenty Missions being treated in two chapters, the first devoted to the past history and the present activities of the Mission, and the second telling some story,—based in most instances on history or tradition—illustrative of Mission Life. Literary skill, a sympathetic spirit, and a light touch combine to give each chapter a charm of its own. The publication of the book is timely, for this is a year when the tide of travel sets strongly toward California, and tourists who visit any of the Missions will find this a useful guide. There are thirty or more illustrations, and the appearance of the book is most attractive.

Few people who read Donald Lowrie's *"My Life in Prison"* can have forgotten its vivid and minute portrayal of life behind prison bars as experienced by the author while serving a ten years' sentence in San Quentin Prison. Every chapter bore the mark of absolute truth, and the book was full of tragedies which might have furnished material for a dozen fiction writers. Now, from the same pen, comes *"My Life Out of Prison"* (Mitchell Kennerley), marked by the same qualities which gave the earlier book its impressiveness, and describing the sensations which the writer felt when he was released on parole, and his later experiences in attempting to mitigate prison conditions and to bring hope to prisoners. It was on the 1st of August, 1911, that the prison doors opened to him, and he found himself

again a free man,—free, at least, under certain limitations and a regularly recurrent obligation to report to the prison authorities. This book tells the story of the next three years, devoted mainly to what has become his life work,—the investigation of prison abuses and the awakening of the public conscience to the need of prison reform. It is full of personal experiences, his own and others, and its appeal to the sympathies of the reader is keen and poignant.

It is pleasant in certain moods to read stories where everything "comes easy" and *"The Heart of Uncle Terry,"* by Charles Clark Munn is one of this kind. Uncle Terry, of course, needs no introduction to Mr. Munn's readers. His adopted daughter, Ollie, is the heroine and the real conflict of the book is between her sense of filial duty and her love. Vance Harper, who wants Uncle Terry's "treasure" is at the same time seeking and finding tourmalines in the Maine wilderness. The ease with which this young man amasses a fortune, the insignificance of the obstacles he has to overcome and the facility with which he does overcome them seem almost fabulous. What gives the book its value is the setting of the story and the sterling character of its heroine. The pictures which the author draws of the Maine woods and of the sea coast are very beautiful and true. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

When Mr. Edward Neville Vose, his wife and their two companions, traveled to and fro in the north of Belgium in June and July of last year, visiting all the historic places, viewing the mediæval houses and churches, and studying leisurely the art treasures, neither they nor any one else could

have anticipated that, within a few days, the historic ground would be soaked in blood and the ancient cathedrals be shattered by shells. But this circumstance lends a peculiar and pathetic interest to the volume,—“*The Spell of Flanders*”—in which the story of their wanderings is told. They were months of keen enjoyment which were thus spent,—enjoyment the more keen because the travelers, or Mr. Vose at least, who describes their experiences, had a knowledge of the history of the scenes which they visited which permitted a blending of the spell of to-day with the spell of yesterday. Mr. Vose writes vividly and well, without affectation, and with a touch light but not too light. Under any circumstances, the present volume, as regards both the interest of the subject and the pleasant way in which it is treated, would rank as one of the very best in a series of more than ordinary value; but its interest and value are greatly enhanced by the fact that, through its pages, the reader is able to see Bruges, Dixmude and Furnes, Nieuport and Ypres, Ghent and Tournai and Antwerp, exactly as they presented themselves to tourist eyes on the very eve of the great tragedy. The book is fittingly dedicated to King Albert. A folding map, and more than fifty full page illustrations, four of them in color, add to the interest of the text.

It is not often that the story of a life so rich and varied in its activities and distinguished for such large scientific attainments and generous public service as that of Spencer Fullerton Baird, the former head of the Smithsonian Institution, and organizer and head of the United States Fish Commission waits so long for the telling. Professor Baird died in August, 1887; and it was the intention of his daughter to prepare his biography. But illness and other

reasons prevented her from carrying out her intentions, beyond the collection of some of the necessary data. So it came to pass that the actual preparation of the memoir devolved upon Dr. William Healey Dall, who knew Professor Baird intimately during the last twenty years of his life and was associated with him in his scientific activities at Washington. It was a fortunate choice, and amply justified by the scope and thoroughness of the biography, which is now published in a substantial octavo volume by the J. B. Lippincott Co. Opening with a chapter of genealogical and family notes, and following its subject through his childhood and youth, his college life at Dickinson College, Carlisle, and his subsequent career there as a professor, at a salary of \$400 a year, most of the volume is occupied with an account of his work as a naturalist in connection with the Smithsonian Institution and as the founder and head of the Commission of Fish and Fisheries. It was in his early boyhood that he developed the tastes which later shaped his life. He was only nineteen when he made the acquaintance and won the warm regard of John J. Audubon, and was invited by him to join a scientific exploring expedition. Later, he was intimately associated with Louis Agassiz and other eminent naturalists; and his life in Washington, before and during the period of the Civil War, brought him into contact with military and naval leaders like Farragut and McClellan who were interested in the natural sciences. Not the least interesting passages of the biography are the letters received from these and other of his friends and associates. Among the nineteen or twenty illustrations of the volume are family portraits, and views of Professor Baird's birthplace, his home at Carlisle, and the Smithsonian Institution, to which the larger part of his active life was devoted.